

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A WINTER PICTURE.

LINKED hands of woman and of man,  
Eyes waking, watching eyes that sleep;  
Close-curtained windows, pictured walls,  
Whereon the ruddy fireside falls  
With cheerful, tender glow;  
A brodered wrap, a jewelled fan,  
And by the couch a fragrant heap  
Of waxen blossoms, white as snow.

A weary brow where tresses cling  
Uncurled, as if with heavy dews,  
White flower-like lids, that soft and meek  
Shade the sharp outline of the cheek,  
Like ivory pure and pale;  
A hand whereon the wedding-ring  
Hangs like a fetter growing loose,  
All sadly, truly, tell their tale.

So very fair! A year ago  
She wore her bridal coronet.  
So very young! It almost seems  
The shadow of her childish dreams  
Is wrapped about her now.  
No touch of human want or woe  
Hath troubled her young spirit, yet  
She fades like blossom on the bough.

She fades. Ah! watcher heavy-eyed,  
Cast down thy gold with reckless hand,  
Spread lavishly beneath her feet  
All goodly things and fair and sweet,  
To snare her weary eyes;  
She is thine own, thy childish bride,  
Thy blossom from love's fairy-land,  
Rise up, do battle for thy prize!

Clasp, clasp her close in Love's strong arms,  
Kiss, kiss her close with Love's warm lips,  
Give all thou hast, and all thou art,  
The very life-blood of thine heart,  
To save her from her fate.  
Let Love stand forth and work his charms  
Triumphant over death's eclipse.  
Love's very self replies, "Too late!"

There was no lack of corn and wine,  
No lack of hope's delightful flowers,  
No lack of gay and glittering toys,  
Of simple pleasures, childish joys,  
To please her guileless heart;  
But one hath made a silent sign,  
And through the sunshine of the hours  
His shadow creeps with scythe and dart.

There was no lack of fondest love  
To fence her from life's outer air,  
No lack of passion deep and strong  
To clasp her close and hold her long  
In surest, safe embrace.  
The nest is worthy of the dove,  
Soft-lined and warm, and very fair.  
But one prepares another place.

She is thine own, world-weary man,  
Thy very own, a little while,  
The tender simple child whom thou  
Hast guarded with a solemn vow,

Yet day by day she slips  
A little farther from the span  
Of earthly life — no earthly smile  
Will linger long upon her lips.

Thy wealth, new-showered upon her life,  
Was powerless to corrupt her soul,  
But ah! that gold, that useless hoard  
So widely spent, so freely poured,  
Is powerless to save!  
Fling down thy weapons in the strife,  
Nor love, nor wealth can make her whole.  
Go to, thou canst but deck a grave.

But when the green grass laps her in,  
Thy tender one, thy little wife;  
When all that love must bear and do,  
When forced to taste the bitter rue,  
Is borne and done and past;  
Steal sometimes from the city's din,  
From all the hum and stir of life,  
To where she slumbers long and fast.

And doubt thou not that there will be  
Great cause for praise as well as prayer;  
For praise because that cherished child  
Was taken hence all undefiled  
By worldly stain and spot!  
That while the long years weary thee  
With touch of age, and fret of care,  
Eternal childhood is her lot.

Eternal childhood! Heaven's sweet gift  
Unto the blessed pure in heart.  
Look up, pale watcher, all is well,  
The soul, before it reads, must spell,  
Lo! there thy lesson waits:  
God takes thy flower from earth's cold drift,  
To bloom in Paradise apart,  
Till thou, too, pass within its gates.  
All The Year Round.

## TREASURE-SEEKERS.

We have been far away — ah, far away  
Beyond snow-shrouded hills, and we have  
seen  
Strange people and strange things. Our  
steps have been  
Through lands unknown and trackless, with no  
stay,  
No respite sweet; o'er moorlands dim and grey,  
And lonely wastes, led by no kindly star,  
Athirst and weary we have wandered far,  
Yet have we found no treasures till to-day;  
And now, when hope our hearts no more be-  
guiles  
With visions of fair lands beyond the foam,  
We have found treasures which earth's thou-  
sand isles  
Could never give, though we for aye should  
roam:  
Treasures of true hearts and loving smiles,  
Of kind hand-pressings, and warm welcomes  
home.

Good Words.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
VILLAGE LIFE IN NORFOLK SIX HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.

A VILLAGE LECTURE.

[IN the autumn of 1878, while on a visit at Rougham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of Mr. Charles North, my host drew my attention to some boxes of manuscripts, which he told me nobody knew anything about, but which I was at liberty to ransack to my heart's content. I at once dived into one of the boxes, and then spent half the night in examining some of its treasures. The chest is one of many, constituting in their entirety a complete apparatus for the history of the parish of Rougham from the time of Henry the Third to the present day — so complete that it would be difficult to find in England a collection of documents to compare with it.

The whole parish contains no more than two thousand six hundred and twenty-seven acres, of which about thirty acres were not included in the estate slowly piled up by the Yelvertons, and purchased by Roger North in 1690. Yet the charters and evidences of various kinds, which were handed over with this small property dating *before* the sixteenth century, count by thousands. The smaller strips of parchment or vellum — for the most part conveyances of land, and having seals attached — have been roughly bound together in volumes, each containing about one hundred documents, and arranged with some regard to chronology, the undated ones being collected into a volume by themselves. I think it almost certain that the arranging of the early charters in their rude covers was carried out before 1500 A.D., and I have a suspicion that they were grouped together by Sir William Yelverton, "the cursed Norfolk Justice" of the Paston Letters, who inherited the estate from his mother in the first half of the fifteenth century.

When Roger North purchased the property the ancient evidences were handed over to him as a matter of course; and there are many notes in his handwriting showing that he found the collection in its present condition, and that he had bestowed much attention upon it. Blome-

field seems to have been aware of the existence of the Rougham muniments, but I think he never saw them; and for one hundred and fifty years, at least, they had lain forgotten, until they came under my notice. Of this large mass of documents I have copied or abstracted scarcely more than five hundred, and I have not yet got beyond the year 1355. The court rolls, bailiffs' accounts, and early leases I have hardly looked at.

The following lecture — slight as a village lecture must needs be and ought to be — gives some of the results of my examination of the first series of the Rougham charters. The lecture was delivered in the Public Reading-room of the village of Tittleshall, a parish adjoining Rougham, and was listened to with apparent interest and great attention by an audience of farmers, village tradesmen, mechanics, and laborers. I was careful to avoid naming any place which my audience were not likely to know well; and there is hardly a parish mentioned which is five miles from the lecture-room.

When speaking of "six hundred years," I gave myself roughly a limit of thirty years before and after 1280, and I have rarely gone beyond that limit on one side or the other.

They who are acquainted with Mr. Rogers's "History of Prices" will observe that I have ventured to put forward views on more points than one, very different from those which he advocates.

Of the value of Mr. Rogers's compilation, and of the statistics which he has tabulated with so much labor, there can be but one opinion. It is when we come to draw our inferences from such returns as these, and bring to bear upon them the side lights which further evidence affords, that differences of opinion arise among inquirers. I really know nothing about the midlands in the thirteenth century; I am disgracefully ignorant of the social condition of the south and west; but the early history of East Anglia, and especially of Norfolk, has for long possessed a fascination for me; and though I am slow to arrive at conclusions, and have a deep distrust of those historians who for every pair of facts construct a trinity of

theories, I feel sure of my ground on some matters because I have done my best to use all such evidence as has come in my way.]

When I was asked to address you here this evening, I resolved that I would try to give you some notion of the kind of life which your fathers led in this parish a long, long time ago; but on reflection I found that I could not tell you very much that I was sure of about your own parish of Tittleshall, though I could tell you something that is new to you about a parish that joins your own; and because what was going on among your close neighbors at any one time would be in the main pretty much what would be going on among your forefathers, in bringing before you the kind of life which people led in the adjoining parish of Rougham six hundred years ago, I should be describing precisely the life which people were leading here in this parish — people, remember, whose blood is throbbing in the veins of some of you present; for from that dust that lies in your churchyard yonder I make no doubt that some of you have sprung — you who I am speaking to now. Six hundred years ago! Yes, it is a long time. Not a man of you can throw his thoughts back to so great a lapse of time. I do not expect it of you; but nevertheless I am going to try to give you a picture of a Norfolk village, and that a village which you all know better than I do, such as it was six hundred years ago.

In those days an ancestor of our gracious queen, who now wears the crown of England, was king; and the Prince of Wales, whom many of you must have seen in Norfolk, was named *Edward* after this same king. In those days there were the churches standing generally where they stand now. In those days, too, the main roads ran pretty much where they now run; and there was the same sun overhead, and there were clouds, and winds, and floods, and storms, and sunshine; but if you, any of you, could be taken up and dropped down in Tittleshall or Rougham such as they were six hundred years ago, you would feel almost as strange as if you

had been suddenly transported to the other end of the world.

The only object that you would at all recognize would be the parish church. That stands where it did, and where it has stood, perhaps, for a thousand years or more; but, at the time we are now concerned with, it looked somewhat different from what it looks now. It had a tower, but that tower was plainer and lower than the present one. The windows, too, were very different; they were smaller and narrower; I think it probable that in some of them there was stained glass, and it is almost certain that the walls were covered with paintings representing scenes from the Bible, and possibly some stories from the lives of the saints, which everybody in those days was familiar with. There was no pulpit and no reading-desk. When the parson preached, he preached from the steps of the altar. The altar itself was much more ornamented than now it is. Upon the altar there were always some large wax tapers which were lit on great occasions, and over the altar there hung a small lamp which was kept alight night and day. It was the parson's first duty to look to it in the morning, and his last to trim it at night.

The parish church was too small for the population of Rougham, and the consequence was that it had been found necessary to erect what we should now call a chapel of ease — served, I suppose, by an assistant priest, who would be called a chaplain. I cannot tell you where this chapel stood, but it had a burial ground of its own.\*

There was, I think, only one road deserving the name which passed through Rougham. It ran almost directly north and south from Coxford Abbey to Castle Acre Priory. The village of Rougham in those days was in its general plan not very unlike the present village — that is to say, the church standing where it does; next to the churchyard was the parsonage with a croft attached; and next to that a row of

\* Compare the remarkable regulations of Bishop Woodloke of Winchester (A.D. 1308), illustrative of this. Wilkins' Conc., vol. ii., p. 296. By these constitutions every chapel, two miles from the mother church, was bound to have its own burying-ground.



houses inhabited by the principal people of the place, whose names I could give you and the order of their dwellings, if it were worth while. Each of these houses had some outbuildings — cowsheds, barns, etc., and a small croft fenced round. Opposite these houses was another row facing west, as the others faced east; but these latter houses were apparently occupied by the poorer inhabitants — the smith, the carpenter, and the general shopkeeper, who called himself, and was called by others, the *merchant*. There was one house which appears to have stood apart from the rest and near Wesenham Heath. It probably was encircled by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge, the bridge being drawn up at sunset. It was called the Lyng House, and had been probably built two or three generations back, and now was occupied by a person of some consideration — viz. Thomas Middleton, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and brother of William Middleton, then Bishop of Norwich. This house too was on the east side of the road, and the road leading up to it had a name, and was called the Hutgong. In front of the house was something like a park of five and a half acres inclosed; and next that again, to the south, four acres of ploughed land; and behind that again — *i.e.*, between it and the village — there was the open heath. Altogether this property consisted of a house and twenty-six acres. Archdeacon Middleton bought it on the 6th of October, 1283, and he bought it in conjunction with his brother Elias, who was soon after made seneschal or steward of Lynn for his other brother, the bishop. The two brothers probably used this as their country house, for both of them had their chief occupation elsewhere; but when the bishop died, in 1288, and they became not quite the important people they had been before, they sold the Lyng House to another important person, of whom we shall hear more by-and-by.

The Lyng House, however, was not the great house of Rougham. I am inclined to think that stood not far from the spot where Rougham Hall now stands. It was in those days called the Manor House or the Manor.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb, but his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. This was called the rent, but it is a very great mistake indeed to represent this as the same thing which we mean by rent nowadays. It really was almost identical with what we now call, in the case of house property, "ground-rent," and bore no proportion to the value of the produce that might be raised from the soil which the tenant held. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder; his holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own — subject, of course, to the payment of the ground-rent — but if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege; if he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor. So much for the free tenants. Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground-rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plough the lord's land for so many days in the year to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it

off. Nay, they might not even go away from the manor in which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be never so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor.\* Yes! there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of free man.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained, about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it; and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham; and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present

Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write (for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago), but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his seal, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was high sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on the 25th of January of that year before one of the judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered, when I began to speak of the free tenants and the villeins. William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jealously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights. Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence, yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person

\* I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the *Abbrev. Placit.*, p. 316 (6<sup>th</sup> E. II. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to vassalage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich — the city being about four miles from Cossey.

as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish, and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomio de Ferentino, or, if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John de Ferentino*, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich: he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments. Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew, or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his wife's kindred. Be that as it may, James de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent

his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the king's court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the pope, and not to the king of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made people open their eyes. And they gave the young fellow the name he is known by in future, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romayn, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and even though Peter Romayn may not have been a priest or a deacon when he came back to Rougham he was certainly in holy orders, and as such he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way: he might never marry. If a young fellow who had once been admitted a member of the clerical body took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken legally; and this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the canon law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the canon law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he was, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at

Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romayn was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of the canon law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against all the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romayn and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.\* Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham—the house in which she lives and all that it contains, lands and ground-rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. It is a curious fact that Peter Romayn was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were

Peter Romayn and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on the 24th of September, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired, he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara, and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve. When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsoford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death, a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants, in more ways than one. Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory-house and some acres of glebe land—how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed—that would lead me a great deal too far—but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory-house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together and little more. And here let me observe, in passing, that there is no greater delusion than that of people who believe that the monks were the friends of the parsons. Whatever else they may have been, at their best, or

\* By the constitutions of Bishop Woodloke, any legacies left by a clergyman to his "concubine" were to be handed over to the bishop's official, and distributed to the poor. (Wilkins' Conc., vol. ii., p. 296 b.)

at their worst, the monks were always the great robbers of the country parsons, and never lost an opportunity of pillaging them. But on the subject of the monasteries and their influence I dare not speak now; possibly another opportunity may occur for considering that subject.

John of Thyrsoford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on the 10th of October, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice—if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by-and-by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband the vicar lived on too—on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romayn and John of Thyrsoford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergymen; but there were hosts of men six hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands. Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England; the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty.\* It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their

passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community. The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked such as had learnt that the gospel taught such virtues as mercy and longsuffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised. A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more*; he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member

\* In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London. (Chron. of Edward I. and Edward II., vol. i., p. 102. Ed. Stubbs. Rolls series.)



of that class, and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to the life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now — clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the look-out for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood — or the rectors and vicars who were the benefited clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago. How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration; and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone;

these were the friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the friars. Six hundred years ago the friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential religionists in the country. It will not be far from the truth, and will give you the best notion of the real state of the case that I can offer, if I say that the friars were the Primitive Methodists of six hundred years ago. The friars gave out that their mission was to bring back primitive Christianity, and to reform the Church by primitive Christian methods; they were not the first people who have proclaimed themselves the reformers of their age, not the first nor by any means the last. The friars, when they began their work in England, were literally beggars; they went from place to place, preaching Christ the sinner's Saviour and the poor man's Friend; but they preached almost exclusively in the large towns — in Yarmouth, in Lynn, in Norwich. In the towns far more than in the country the monks had mercilessly fleeced the clergy; the town clergy, as a rule, were needy, hungry, and dispirited; and because they were so, the poorer inhabitants of the towns were dreadfully neglected by the clergy, and were fast slipping back into mere heathenism. The friars went among the miserable townsmen in their filthy, reeking dens and cellars, visited them, ministered to them, preached to them, but they would take no money from them; they would not even touch it with the tips of their fingers. As to accepting houses and lands by way of endowment, they lifted up their voices against the whole system of endowments, and declared it to be hateful and antichristian. They tried to carry out to the letter our Lord's directions to his disciples when he sent them out two and two without silver, or gold, or brass in their purses, without shoes or staves, and with a single garment; they lived on what people chose to give them, food and shelter from day to day. They were the earnest and enthusiastic apostles of the voluntary system, and for the three hundred years that they were tolerated in England they were much more true to their great principle than has been generally supposed; six hundred years ago they were by far the most influential and



powerful evangelists in England — in fact, they were almost the only evangelists. The friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and travelled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp-meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to, or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and the preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm-buildings, dove-cote, and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were

needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of. As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Sometimes, too, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes grovelling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather-bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gipsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smouldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which as few laboring men were masters of as now are masters of the art of painting a picture. As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat-bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe-leather. In the winter-

time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people.\* Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in *pans* near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with, people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm would become the property of another. As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider.† Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practise nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and

poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer-sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot.\* It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offences punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot, he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire-waters of our own time — the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief — were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile frog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never tasted. The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the

\* The presentments of the beer-sellers seem to point to the existence of something like a licensing system among the lords of manors. I know not how otherwise to explain the frequency of the fines laid upon the whole class. Thus in a court roll of the manor of Hockham, held the 20th of October, 1377, no less than fourteen women were fined in the aggregate 30s. 8d., who being *brassatores vendidere servitium* (sic) *contra assisam*. One of these brewsters was fined as much as four shillings.

The earliest attempt to introduce uniformity in the measures of ale, etc., is the assize of Richard I., bearing date the 20th of November, 1197. It is to be found in Walter of Coventry, vol. ii., p. 114 (Rolls series). On the importance of this document see Stubbs's Const. Hist., vol. I., pp. 509, 573. On the fasters of bread and ale cf. Dep. Keeper's 43rd Report, p. 207.

\* I take this statement from Mr. Rogers's "History of Prices," but I am not sure that he has taken sufficiently into account the reserve of fodder which the *bracken* and even the gorse would afford. In some parts of Cornwall and Devon to this day, animals are kept throughout the winter wholly upon this food.

† On a court roll of the manor of Whissonet, of the date 22 July, 1355, I find William Wate fined "iiiij botell cideri quia fecit dampnum in bladis domini."

year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly. As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk. Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quit-rent, or what I have called the ground-rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham charters of a man buying as much as eleven and a half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley.\* Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews;† and when a man was once in their hands

he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other blood-suckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes.\* On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word—no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school—no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings?—what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. . . . It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man

\* In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance, inasmuch that it was said to be the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy by the great seer Merlin, who had once foretold in mysterious language, that "there shall be half of the round." In the next century it appears that the want of small change had again made itself felt: for in the 2nd Richard II. we find the Commons setting forth in a petition to the King, that " . . . les ditz cōes n'ou petit monoye pur paier pur les petites mesures a grant damage des dites cōes," and they beg "qe plesse a dit Sr. le Roi et a son sage conseil de faire ordener Mayles et farthinges pur paier pur les petites mesures . . . et en oeuvre de charité. . . ." (Rolls of Parl., vol. iii., p. 65.)

† I am speaking of Norfolk and Suffolk, where the Jews, as far as I have seen, had it all their own way.

\* The returns of the number of poor people supported by the monasteries, which are to be found in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, are somewhat startling. Certainly the monasteries did not return less than they expended in alms.

had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Cleure, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber, and *carrying it off*. But there are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year — one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and, having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smouldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hanville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hanville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and, collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory, and utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hanville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would

have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offences — such as simple theft, sheep-stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary; eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offences, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed, being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering crea-

tures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralysed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwellings of the farmer class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes, and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our west-Norfolk farmers today. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you very little of the amusements of the people in those days. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and digging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody

would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even story-books in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.\*

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held three or four times a year, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the archdeacon, and the rural dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly six hundred and two years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and between the 10th and 15th of January, 1281, he must have ridden through Rougham, with a huge train of attendants, on his way from Docking to Castle Acre. I have no doubt that his coming had very much to do with the separation of Peter Romayn from Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsoford.

The year 1280, in which Archbishop Peckham began his visit to Norfolk, was a very disastrous year for the farmers. It was the beginning of a succession of bad seasons and floods even worse than any that we have known. The rain set in on the first of August, and we are told that it continued to fall for twenty-four hours, and then came a mighty wind such as men had never known the like of; the

\* Rogers's Hist. of Prices, vol. I., p. 124.



waters were out, and there was a great flood, and houses and windmills and bridges were swept away. Nay, we hear of a sad loss of life, and many poor people were drowned, and many lost their all; flocks and herds, and corn and hay, being whelmed in the deluge. In November there was a frightful tempest, the lightning doing extensive damage; and just at Christmas-time the frost set in with such severity as no man had known before. The river Thames was frozen over above London Bridge, so that men crossed it with horses and carts; and when the frost broke up on the second of February there was such an enormous accumulation of ice and snow that five of the arches of London bridge blew up, and all over the country the same destruction of bridges was heard of. Next year and the year after that, things went very badly with your forefathers, and one of the saddest events that we get from a Norfolk chronicler who was alive at the time is one in which he tells us that, owing to the continuous rain during these three years, there was an utter failure in garden produce, as well as of the people's hope of harvest. The bad seasons seem to have gone on for six or seven years; but by far the worst calamity which Norfolk ever knew was the awful flood of 1287, when by an incursion of the sea a large district was laid under water, and hundreds of unfortunate creatures were drowned in the dead of the night, without warning. Here, on the higher level, people were comparatively out of harm's way, but it is impossible to imagine the distress and agony that there must have been in other parts of the county not twenty miles from where we are this evening. After that dreadful year I think there was a change for the better, but it must have been a long time before the county recovered from the "agricultural distress;" and I strongly suspect that the cruel and wicked persecution of the Jews, and the cancelling of all debts due to them by the landlords and the farmers, was in great measure owing to the general bankruptcy which the succession of bad seasons had brought about. Men found themselves hopelessly insolvent, and there was no other way of cancelling their obligations than by getting rid of their creditors. So when the king announced that all the Jews should be transported out of the realm, you may be sure that there were very few Christians who were sorry for them. There had been a time when the children of Israel had spoiled the Egyp-

tians — was it not fitting that another time should have come when the children of Israel should themselves be spoiled?

The year of the great flood was the frequent talk, of course, of all your forefathers who overlived it, and here in this neighborhood it must have acquired an additional interest from the fact that Bishop Middleton died the year after it, and his brothers then parted with their Rougham property. Nor was this all, for Bishop Middleton's successor in the see of Norwich came from this immediate neighborhood also. This was Ralph Walpole, son of the lord of the manor of Houghton, in which parish the bishop himself had inherited a few acres of land. In less than forty years no less than three bishops had been born within five miles of where we are this evening: Roger de Wesenham,\* who became Bishop of Lichfield in 1245; William Middleton, who had just died; and Ralph Walpole, who succeeded him. There must have been much stir in these parts when the news was known. The old people would tell how they had seen "young master Ralph" many a time when he was a boy scampering over Massingham Heath, or coming to pay his respects to the archdeacon at the Lyng House, or talking of foreign parts with old James de Ferentino or Peter Romayn. Now he had grown to be a very big man indeed, and there were many eyes watching him on both sides the water. He had a very difficult game to play during the eleven years he was Bishop of Norwich, for the king was dreadfully in need of money, and, being desperate, he resorted to outrageous methods of squeezing it from those whom he could frighten and force, and the time came at last when the bishops and the clergy had to put a bold face on and to resist the tyranny and lawless rapacity of the sovereign.

And this reminds me that though archdeacons, and bishops, and even an archbishop, in those days might be and were very important and very powerful personages, they all were very small and insignificant in comparison with the great King Edward, the king who at this time was looked upon as one of the most mighty and magnificent kings in all the world. He, too, paid many a visit to Norfolk six hundred years ago. He kept his Christmas at Burgh in 1280, and in

\* The names of several members of the bishop's family occur in the Rougham Charters as attesting witnesses, and a Roger de Wesenham is found among them more than once.



1284 he came down with the good Queen Eleanor and spent the whole of Lent in the county; and next year, again, they were in your immediate neighborhood, making a pilgrimage to Walsingham. A few years after this the king seems to have spent a week or two within five miles of where we are; he came to Castle Acre, and there he staid at the great priory whose ruins you all know. There a very stirring interview took place between the king and Bishop Walpole, and a number of other bishops and great persons who had come as a deputation to expostulate with the king, and respectfully to protest against the way in which he was robbing his subjects, and especially the clergy, whom he had been for years plundering in the most outrageous manner. The king gave the deputation no smooth words to carry away, but he sent them off with threatening frowns and insults and in hot anger. Some days after this he was at Massingham, and one of his letters has been preserved, dated from Massingham, 30th of January, 1296, so that it is almost certain the great king passed one night there at least. It is a little difficult to understand what the king was doing at Massingham, for there was no great man living there, and no great mansion. Sometimes I have thought that the king rode out from Castle Acre to see what state the Walpoles of those times were keeping up at Houghton. Had not that audacious Bishop Walpole dared to speak plainly to his Grace the week before? But the more probable explanation is that the king went to Massingham to visit a small religious house or monastery which had been recently founded there. I suspect it had already got into debt and was in difficulties, and it is possible that the king's visit was made in the interest of the foundation. At any rate, there the king stayed; but though he was in Norfolk more than once after this, he never was so near you again, and that visit was one which your forefathers were sure to talk about to the end of their lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all,

these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs. Now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish, in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are. Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves: but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEAUFORT drove home on that eventful afternoon by himself. He had left his friend in the county jail, in a state in which surprise was still perhaps the predominant feeling. John had said little on the way, except to point out, with something which perhaps bore the character of bravado, the new features of the landscape beyond Dunearn. "It is an opportunity for you to see a little more of the country," he said, with a smile. Something of the same indignant amusement which had been his first apparent sensation on hearing the sheriff's decision was still in his manner now. He held his head high and a little thrown back, his nostrils were dilated, his eyes more widely open and alert than usual, and a smile in which there was a little scorn was upon his face. Those who did not know John or human nature might have thought him unusually triumphant, excited by some occurrence which enhanced instead of humiliating his pride. "I cannot tell you how surprised I am to see you here, Mr. Erskine," said the governor of the jail with consternation. "You cannot be more surprised than I am," said John. He gave his orders about the things he wanted in the same tone, taking no notice of the anxious suggestion that it would only be for a few days. He was too deeply offended with fate to show it. He only smiled and said, "The first step is so extraordinary that I prefer not to anticipate the next." "But they must allow you bail," said Beaufort; "that must be my first care." John laughed. He would not condescend to be anxious. "Or hang me," he said; "the one just as sensible as the other." Beaufort drove away with the strangest feelings, guiding his friend's horse along the road with which he was so little acquainted, but from which presently he saw the great house of Tinto on one side, and on the other the towers of Lindores appearing from among the trees. How hard it was to keep his thoughts to John, with these exciting objects on either side of him! This country road, which all its length kept him in sight of the big castellated front of Tinto, with its flag half-mast high—the house in which she was who had been his love and promised bride—seemed to Beaufort to have become the very thread of his fate. That Carry should be there within his reach, that she should be free and mistress of

herself, that there should be even a certain link of connection which brought him naturally once more within the circle of her immediate surroundings, was so wonderful that everything else seemed of less importance. He could not disengage his thoughts from this. He was not a man in whose mind generosity was the first or even a primary quality, and it is so difficult to think first of another when our own affairs are at an exciting stage. The only step which he could think of for John's advantage confused him still more, for it was the first direct step possible to put him once more in contact with Carry. He turned up the avenue of Lindores with a thrill of sensation which penetrated his whole being. He was relieved indeed to know that the ladies were not there—that he would not at least be exposed to their scrutiny, and to the self-betrayal that could scarcely fail to follow; but the very sight and name of the house was enough to move him almost beyond his errand. The last rays of the sunset had gone out, and the autumn evening began to darken by the time he got there. He went on like a man in a dream, feeling the very air about him tremulous with his fate, although he made an attempt to think of John first. How could he think of anything but of Carry, who was free? or recollect anything except that the mistress of this house had allowed him to call her mother; and that even its lord, before he was its lord, had not refused to permit the suggestion of a filial relationship? There was a carriage already standing before the door when he drove up, but his mind was by this time too much excited to be moved by any outside circumstance. But when he stepped into the hall upon his mission, and, following the servant to the presence of Lord Lindores, suddenly found himself face to face with the two ladies going out, Beaufort's agitation was extreme. They were returning to Tinto, after a day's expedition in search of those "things" which seem always necessary in every domestic crisis. Lady Lindores recognized him with a start and cry of amazement. "Mr. Beaufort! you here!" she cried, unable to contain herself. She added, "at such a time!" in a lower tone, with the self-betrayal to which impulsive persons are always liable, and with so much indignation mingled with her astonishment, that a man in full possession of his faculties might have drawn from it the most favorable auguries. But Beaufort, to do him justice, was not cool enough for this. He said hurriedly, "I

came on Thursday — I knew nothing. I came — because it was impossible to help it." Edith had come close up behind her mother, and grasped her arm, half in support, half in reproof. "You knew Mr. Beaufort was coming, mamma; why should you be surprised?" she said, with a certain disdain in the tone with which she named him. Edith was unreasonable, like all the rest. She would have had him throw away everything rather than come here to interfere with Carry's comfort, notwithstanding that her own father had invited him to come, and though it had been explained to her that all his prospects depended upon the favor of the duke, Lord Millefeurs's gracious papa. Her idea was, that a man should have thrown away all that, rather than put himself in a false position, or expose a woman whom he had once loved to embarrassment and pain. They were all unreasonable together, but each in his or her characteristic way. After these first utterances of agitation, however, they all stopped short and looked at each other in the waning light, and awoke to a recollection of the ordinary conventionalities which in such circumstances are so great a relief to everybody concerned.

"We must not detain you, Mr. Beaufort," Lady Lindores said: "you were going to my husband — or Lord Millefeurs — who is still here."

The last four words were said with a certain significance, as if intended for a hint, — persuade him, they seemed to say, that this is not a time to remain here. "It is getting late, mother," said Edith, with a touch of impatience.

"One moment, Lady Lindores. I must tell you why I have come: not for myself — to ask help for Erskine, whom I have just left in custody, charged with having occasioned somehow — I can't tell you how — the death of — the late accident — your son-in-law," Beaufort stammered out.

The next moment he seemed to be surrounded by them, by their cries of dismay, by their anxious questions. A sharp, keen pang of offence was the first feeling in Beaufort's mind, — that John should be so much more interesting to them than he was! It gave him a shock even in the excitement of the moment.

"This was what he meant" — he could at last hear Edith distinctly after the momentary babel of mutual exclamations — "this was what he meant: that we might hear something, which he might not be able to explain, but that we were to believe in him — you and I, mamma."

"Of course we believe in him," cried Lady Lindores; "but something else must be done, something more. Come this way, Mr. Beaufort; Lord Lindores is here."

She called him Mr. Beaufort without any hesitation now — not pausing, as she had done before, with the more familiar name on her lips. It was John who was in the foreground now — John who, perhaps, for anything they knew, had caused the event which had put them in mourning. With a whimsical mortification and envy, Beaufort exaggerated in his own mind the distress caused by this event. For the moment he looked upon it as a matter of real loss and pain to this unthinking family who showed such interest in the person who perhaps — But the sentiment did not go so far as to be put into words; it resolved itself into a half-indignant wonder at the interest taken in John, and sense of injured superiority on his own account — he, of whom no man could say that he had been instrumental in causing the death even of a dog.

Lady Lindores led the way hastily into the library, where three figures were visible against the dim light in the window as the others came in. Lord Lindores, seated in his chair; little Millefeurs, leaning against the window, half turned towards the landscape; and in front of the light, with his back to it, Rintoul, who was speaking. "With you as bail," he was saying, "he may be set free to-night. Don't let him be a night in that place."

"Are you speaking of John Erskine, Robin, my dear boy? Oh, not a night, not an hour! Don't lose any time. It is too dreadful, too preposterous. Your father will go directly. Take the carriage, which is at the door. If we are a little late what does it matter?" said Lady Lindores, coming forward, another shadow in the dim light. Millefeurs turned half round, but did not come away from the window on which he was leaning. He was somewhat surprised too, very curious, perhaps a trifle indignant, to see all this fuss made about Erskine. He drew up his plump little person, altogether indifferent to the pronounced manifestation of all its curves against the light, and looked beyond Lady Lindores to Edith, — Edith, who hurried after her mother, swift and silent, as if they were one being, moved by the same unnecessary excitement. Millefeurs had not been in a comfortable state of mind during these last days. The delay irritated him; though Lord Lindores assured him that all was well, he could not feel that all was well. Why

should not Edith see him, and give him his answer? She was not so overwhelmed with grief for that brute. What did it mean? And now, though she could not see him on such urgent cause, she was able to interest herself in this eager way on behalf of John Erskine! Millefleurs was very tolerant, and when the circumstances demanded it, could be magnanimous, but he thought he had reason of offence here.

There was a momentary pause—enough to show that Lord Lindores did not share the feeling so warmly expressed. "I am surprised that you should all be so inconsiderate," he said; "you, at least, Rintoul, who generally show more understanding. I have understood that Erskine had laid himself under suspicion. Can you imagine that I, so near a connection of poor Torrance, am the right person to interfere on behalf perhaps of his—murder—that is to say, of the cause—of the instrument—"

"It is impossible," cried Edith, with such decision that her soft voice seemed hard—"impossible! Can any one suppose for a moment—"

"Be silent, Edith," cried her father.

"Why should she be silent?" said Lady Lindores. "Robert, think what you are saying. We have all known John Erskine for years. He is as incapable as I am—as unlikely as any one of us here. Because you are so near a connection, is not that the very reason why you should interfere? For God's sake, think of that poor boy in prison—in prison! and lose no time."

"I will do it, mother," said Rintoul.

"Oh, God bless you, my boy! I knew you were always right at heart."

"Rintoul," said his father, "enthusiasm of this sort is new in you. Let us take a little common sense into the question. In the first place, nothing can be done to-night—that is evident. Then consider a moment: what does 'in prison' mean? In the governor's comfortable rooms, where he will be as well off as at home; and probably—for he is not without sense—will be taking the most reasonable view of the matter. He will know perfectly well that if he deserves it he will find friends; in short, that we are all his friends, and that everybody will be too glad to assist him—as soon as he has cleared himself—"

"As soon as he wants it no longer," cried Lady Lindores.

"My dear, you are always violent; you are always a partisan," said her husband,

drawing back his chair a little, with the air of having ended the discussion; and there was a pause—one of those breathless pauses of helplessness, yet rebellion, which make sick the hearts of women. Lady Lindores clasped her hands together with a despairing movement. "This is the curse of our life," she cried. "I can do nothing; I cannot go against your father, Edith, and yet I am neither a fool nor a child. God help us women! we have to stand by, whatever wrong is done, and submit—submit. That is all that is left for us to do—"

"Submit!" Edith said. She was young and strong, and had not learned her lesson. It galled her beyond endurance. She stood and looked round her, seeing the whiteness of the faces, but little else in the evening gloom. Was it true that there was nothing—nothing in her power? In poetry, a girl can throw herself on her knees, can weep and plead—but only weep and plead; and she, who had not been trained to that, who was conscious of her individuality, her independent mind and judgment in every nerve—heaven above! was she as helpless still? She stood breathless for a moment, with wondering eyes fixed on the darkness, with a gasp of proud resistance to fate. Submit to injustice, to cruel heartlessness of those who could aid, to still more cruel helplessness—impotence, on her own part? She stood for a moment gazing at the blank wall that seemed to rise before her, as the poor, the helpless have to do,—as women have to do in all circumstances. It was her first experience in this kind. She had been proud to know that she was not as Carry, that no tyranny could crush her spirit; but this was different. She had not anticipated such a trial as this. There came from her bosom one sob of supreme pain which she could not keep in. Not for John only, whom she could not help in his moment of need, but for herself also—to feel herself impotent, helpless, powerless as a child.

Millefleurs came forward from the window hurriedly. Perhaps being so much a man of his time it was he who understood that gasp of suffering best. He said, "Lady Edith, if I can help"—quickly, on the impulse of the moment; then, thorough little gentleman as he was, checked himself. "Lady Lindores, though I am a stranger, yet my name is good enough. Tell me what to do and I will do it. Perhaps it is better that Lord Lindores should not commit himself. But I

am free, don't you know," he said, with something of the easy little chirrup of more ordinary times. Why was it that, at such a moment, Edith, of all others, in her personal despair, should burst out into that strange little laugh? She grasped her mother's arm with both hands in her excitement. Here was a tragic irony and ridicule penetrating the misery of the crisis like a sharp arrow which pricked the girl to the very heart.

This sympathizer immediately changed the face of affairs. Lord Lindores, indeed, continued to hold himself apart, pushing back his chair once more; but even to Lord Lindores Millefeurs made a difference. He said no more about enthusiasm or common sense, but listened, not without an occasional word of direction. They clustered together like a band of shadows against the great window, which was full of the paleness of the night. Beaufort, who was the person most acquainted with all the circumstances, recovered his sense of personal importance as he told his story. But after all, it was not as the narrator of John Erskine's story that he cared to gain importance in the eyes of Carry's family, any more than it was as bail for John Erskine that Lord Millefeurs desired to make himself agreeable to the ladies at Lindores. Both of the strangers, thus caught in the net of difficulties and dangers which surrounded their old comrade, resented it more or less; but what could they do? Edith took no further part in the consultation. She retired behind her mother, whose arm she continued to hold firm and fast in both her hands. When she was moved by the talk going on at her side she grasped that arm tightly, which was her only sign of emotion, but for the rest retired into the darkness where no one could see, and into herself, a still more effectual retirement. Lady Lindores felt that her daughter's two hands clasping her were like a sort of anchor which Edith had thrown out in her shipwreck to grasp at some certainty. She bore the pressure with a half-smile and sigh. She too had felt the shipwreck with keen passion, still more serious than that of Edith; but she had no one to anchor to. She felt this, half with a grateful sense of what she herself was still good for; but still more, perhaps, with that other personal sense which comes to most — that with all the relationships of life still round her, mother and wife, she, for all solace and support, was like most of us virtually alone.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"YOUR master is just a young fool. Why, in the name of a' that's reasonable," cried Mr. Monypenny, "did he not send for me?"

"Sir," said Rolls, "you're too sensible a man not to know that the last thing a lad is likely to do is what's reasonable, especially when he's in that flurry, and just furious at being blamed."

Mr. Monypenny was walking up and down his business room with much haste and excitement. His house was built on the side of a slope, so that the room, which was level with the road on one side, was elevated on the upper floor at the other, and consequently had the advantage of a view bounded, as was general, by "that eternal Tinto," as he was in the habit of calling it. The good man, greatly disturbed by what he heard, walked to his window and stared out as Rolls spoke. And he shook his fist at the distant object of so many troubles. "Him and his big house and his ill ways — they've been the trouble of the country-side these fifteen years and more," cried the excited "man of business;" "and now we're not done with him, even when he's dead."

"Far from done with him," said Rolls, shaking his head. He was seated on the edge of a chair with his hat in his lap and a countenance of dismay. "If I might make so bold as to ask," he said, "what would ye say, sir, would be done if the worst came to the worst? I'm no' saying to Mr. Erskine indiveedually," added Rolls — "for it's my belief he's had no' thing ado with it — but granting that it's some person and no mere accident —"

"How can I tell — or any man?" said Mr. Monypenny. "It depends entirely on the nature of the act. It's all supposition, so far as I can see. To pitch Pat Torrance over the Scaur, him and his big horse, with murderous intent, is more than John Erskine could have done, or any man I know. And there was no quarrel or motive. Culpable homicide —"

"That'll be what the English gentleman called manslaughter."

"Manslaughter is a wide word. It would all depend on the circumstances. A year; maybe six months only — If it were to turn out so, which I do not for a moment believe" — said Mr. Monypenny, fixing his eyes upon Rolls with a determination which betrayed internal feebleness of belief.

"Nor me, sir — nor me!" cried Rolls, with the same look. They were like two



conspirators regarding each other with a consciousness of the plot, which, even between themselves, each eyeing the other, they were determined to deny.

"But if by any evil chance it were to turn out so — I would advise a plain statement," said Mr. Monypenny — "just a plain statement, concealing nothing. That should have been done at the moment: help should have been sought at the moment; there's the error. A misadventure like that might happen to any man. We might any of us be the means of such an accident; but panic is just the worst policy. Panic looks like guilt. If he's been so far left to himself as to take fright — to see that big man on his big horse thunderin' over the Scaur would be enough to make any man lose his head," the agent added, with a sort of apology in his tone.

"If you could think of the young master as in that poseetion," said Rolls.

"Which is just impossible," Mr. Monypenny said, and then there was a little pause. "The wisest thing," he went on, "would be, just as I say, a plain statement. Such and such a thing happened. I lost my head. I thought there was nothing to be done. I was foolish enough to shrink from the name of it, or from the coolness it would make between me and my friends. Ay, very likely that might be the cause — the coolness it would make between him and the family at Lindores —"

"You're meaning always if there was anything in it at a'?"

"That is what I'm meaning. I will go and see him at once," Mr. Monypenny said, "and that is the advice I will give. A plain story whatever it may be — just the facts; neither extenuate nor set down in malice. And as for you, Rolls, that seem to be mixed up in it yourself —"

"Ay, sir; I'm mixed up in it," said Rolls, turning upon him an inquiring yet half-defiant glance.

"It was you that found the body first. It was you that met your master at the gate. You're the most important witness, so far as I can see. Lord bless us, man!" said Mr. Monypenny, forgetting precaution, "had you not the judgment, when you saw the lad had been in a tui-zie, to get him out of other folk's sight, and keep it to yourself?"

"There was John Tamson as well as me," said Rolls very gravely; and then he added, "but ye canna see yet, Mr. Monypenny, how it may a' turn."

"I see plenty," said the man of busi-

ness impatiently; and then he added, "The best thing you can do is to find out all you can about the ground, and other details. It was always unsafe; and there had been a great deal of rain. Very likely it was worse than ordinary that day. And call to mind any circumstances that might tell on our side. Ye had better come to me and make me acquainted with all your observations. Neglect nothing. The very way the beast was lying, if ye can rightly remember, might be a help. You're not without sense, Rolls. I've always had a high opinion of your sense. Now here's a chance for you to prove it — And come back to me, and we'll judge how the evidence tends. There's no need," he said, standing at the window once more with his back to his pupil, "to bring out any points that might turn — the other way."

"I'm not such a fool as — some folk think," said Rolls; "and yet," he added, in an undertone, "for a' that, you canna see, Mr. Monypenny, how it may all turn —"

"Don't haver, Rolls," said the agent, turning upon him angrily; "or speak out what you mean. There is no man can say how a thing will turn but he that has perfect knowledge of all the circumstances — which is not my case."

"That's what I was saying, sir," said Rolls, with a tranquil assumption which roused Mr. Monypenny's temper; but the old man was so solemn in his air of superior knowledge, so full of sorrowful decision and despondency, that anger seemed out of place. "The other grew alarmed as he looked at him.

"For God's sake, man," he cried, "if there's anything behind that I don't know, tell it! let me hear the worst. We must know the worst if it's to make the best of it. Hide nothing from me."

"I give ye my word, sir, I'll hide nothing — when the time comes," said Rolls, with a sigh; "but I canna just unburden my bozome at this moment. There's mair thought needful and mair planning. And there's one thing I would like to make sure of, Mr. Monypenny. If I'm put to expenses, or otherwise laid open to risk and outlay — there's no doubt but it would be made up to me? And if, as might happen, anything serious was to befall — without doubt the young maister would think himself bound to take good care o' Bauby? She's my sister, maybe you'll mind: an aixelent housekeeper and a good woman, though maybe I should leave her praises to ither folk.



You see he hasna been brought up in the midst o' his ain folk, so to speak, or I would have little doubt."

"I cannot conceive what you mean, Rolls. Of course I know Bauby and her cookery both; but what risk you should run, or what she can have to do with it! Your expenses, of course," said the agent, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, "you may be sure enough of. But you must have done pretty well in the service of the Dalrulzian family, Rolls. I'm surprised that you should think of this at such a moment —"

"That's just what I expectit, sir," said Rolls; "but maybe I ken my ain affairs best, having no man of business. And about Bauby, she's just what I care for most. I wouldna have her vexed or distressed for siller, or put out of her ordinar. The maister he's but a young man, and no attached to us as he would have been had he been brought up at hame. It's a great drawback to a young lad, Mr. Monypenny" — Rolls broke off his personal argument to say sententiously — "not to be brought up at hame."

"Because he does not get the chance of becoming attached to his servants?" said Mr. Monypenny, with an impatient laugh. "Perhaps it may be so, but this is a curious moment to moralize on the subject."

"No' so curious as you think, sir; but I will not weary you," said Rolls, with some dignity. "When I was saying oot-lay, I meant mair than just a sixpence here or there. But Bauby's the grand question. I'm in a strange kind of a po-section, and the one thing I'm clear in is my duty to her. She's been a rael guid sister to me; aye made me comfortable, studiet my ways, took an interest in all my bits o' fykes. I would ill like either scorn or trouble to come to Bauby. She's awfu' soft-hearted," said the old butler, solemnly gazing into vacancy with a reddening of his eyes. Something of that most moving of all sentiments, self-pity, was in his tone. He foresaw Bauby's apron at her eyes for him, and in her grief over her brother, his own heart was profoundly moved. "There will be some things that nobody can save her from: but for all that concerns this world, if I could be sure that no-thing would happen to Bauby —"

"Well, Rolls, you're past my comprehension," said Mr. Monypenny; "but so far as taking care of Bauby in case anything happens to you — though what should happen to you I have yet to learn."

"That is just so," said Rolls, getting up slowly. There was about him altogether a great solemnity, like a man at a funeral, Mr. Monypenny said afterwards. "I cannot expect you to know, sir — that's atween me and my Maker. I'm no' going back to Dalrulzian. I cannot have my mind disturbed at this awfu' moment, as ye say, with weemen and their ways. If ye see the English gentleman, ye'll maybe explain. Marget has a very guid notion o' waitin'; she can do all that's necessary; and for me, I've ither work in hand."

"You must not look at everything in so gloomy a spirit, Rolls," said Mr. Monypenny, holding out his hand. He was not in the habit of shaking hands with the butler, but there are occasions when rules are involuntarily broken through.

"No' a gloomy spirit, sir, but awfu' serious," said Rolls. "You'll tell the young maister no' to be downhearted, but at the same time no' to be that prood. Help may come when it's little looked for. I'm no' a man of mony words, but I've been, as you say, sir, attached to the family all my days, and I have just a feeling for them more than common. The present gentleman's mother — her that married the English minister — was no' just what suited the house. Dalrulzian was no-thing to her; and that's what I compleen o', that the young man was never brought up at hame, to have confidence in his ain folk. It would have been greatly for his advantage, sir," continued Rolls, "if he had but had the discernment to see that our bonnie Miss Nora was just the person; but I mustna think now of making conditions," he said hurriedly — "we'll leave that to his good sense. Mony thanks to you, sir, for hearing me out, and shaking my hand as ye've done; though there's maybe things I have said that are a wee hard to understand."

"Ay, Rolls," said Mr. Monypenny, laughing, "you're just like the other prophets; a great deal of what you've said is Greek and Hebrew to me."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Rolls, shaking his head; there was no smile in him, not a line in his countenance that marked even incipient humor. Whatever he meant it was deadly earnest to Rolls. Mr. Monypenny stood and watched him go out, with a laugh gurgling low down in his throat. "He was always a conceited body," he said to himself. But his inclination to laughter subsided as his visitor disappeared. It was no moment for laughing. And when Rolls was gone, the

temptation to speculate on his words and put meaning into them subsided also, and Mr. Monypenny gave himself up with great seriousness to consider the position. He ordered his little country carriage — something of the phaeton order, but not elegant enough for classification — and drove away as quickly as his comfortable cob would consent to go, to where John was. Such a thing had not happened to any person of importance in the county since he could remember. Debt, indeed — debt was common enough, and plenty of trouble always, about money, Mr. Monypenny said to himself, shaking his head, as he went along. There had been borrowings and hypothecations of all sorts enough to make a financier's hair stand on end; but crime never! Not that men were better here than in other quarters; but among the gentry that had never happened. The good man ran on, in a rambling, inaudible soliloquy, or rather colloquy with himself, as he drove on, asking how it was, after all, that incidents of the kind were so rare among the gentry. Was the breed better? He shook his head, remembering himself of various details which interfered with so easy a solution. Or was it that things were more easily hushed up? or that superior education enforced a greater respect for the world's opinion, and made offences of this sort almost impossible? It was a strange thing (he thought) when you came to think of it. A fellow, now, like the late Tinto would have been in every kind of scrape had he been a poor man; but somehow, being a rich one, he had kept out of the hands of the law. Such a thing never happened from year's end to year's end. And to think now that it was not one of our ordinary Scots lairds, but the pink of education and good breeding, from England and abroad! This gave a momentary theoretical satisfaction to his musings by the way. But immediately after, he thought with self-reproach that it was young Erskine of whom he was permitting himself such criticism: young Dalrulzian, poor lad! all the more to be pitied that he had been brought up, as Rolls said, away from home, and with no father to look after him. The cob was used to take his own way along those roads which he knew so well, but at this point Mr. Monypenny touched him with the indignity of a whip, and hurried along. He met Beaufort returning, driving, with a little hesitation at the corner of the road, John's dogcart homeward; and Mr. Monypenny thought he recognized the

dogcart, but he did not stop to say anything to the stranger, who naturally knew nothing of him. Nor was his interview with John at all satisfactory when he came to his journey's end. The young man received his man of business with that air of levity which, mixed with indignation, had been his prevailing mood since his arrest. He laughed when he said, "This is a curious place to receive you in," and for some time he would scarcely give any heed to the anxious questions and suggestions of Mr. Monypenny. At length, however, this veil was thrown off, and John permitted the family friend, of whose faithfulness he could have no doubt, to see the depth of wounded feeling that lay below. "Of course it can be nothing to me," he said, still holding his head high. "They cannot prove a falsehood, however they may wish it; but to think that of all these men with whom I have eaten and drunk, who have professed to welcome me for my father's sake — to think that not one of them would step in to stand by a fellow, or give him the least support —"

"When you reflect that even I knew nothing about it," said Mr. Monypenny — "not a word — till old Rolls came —"

"Did you hear none of the talk?" said John. "I did not hear it, indeed, but I have felt it in the air. I knew there was something. Everybody looked at me suspiciously; the very tone of their voice was changed — my own servants —"

"Your servants are very anxious about you, Mr. Erskine, if I may judge from old Rolls. I have seldom seen a man so overcome; and if you will reflect that your other friends throughout the country can have heard nothing, any more than myself —"

"Then you did not hear the talk?" said John, somewhat eagerly. Mr. Monypenny's countenance fell.

"I paid no attention to it. There's some story forever going on in the country-side. Wise men just shut their ears," he said.

"Wise men are one thing and friends another," said John. "Had I no one who could have told me, at least, on how small a thread my reputation hung? I might have gone away," he said, with some vehemence, "at the height of it. If business, or even pleasure, had called me, no doubt I should, without a notion of any consequences. When I think of that I shiver. Supposing I had gone away?"

"In that case," said Mr. Monypenny, clearing his throat; but he never got any

further. This alarm affected him greatly. He began to believe that his client might be innocent altogether — an idea which, notwithstanding all the disclaimers which he and Rolls had exchanged, had not crossed his mind before; but when he heard John's story, his faith was shaken. He listened to it with the deepest interest, waiting for the moment when the confession would be made. But when it ended, without any end, so to speak, and John finally described Torrance as riding up towards the house, while he himself went down, Mr. Monypenny's countenance fell. He was disappointed. The tale was such as he expected, with this important difference — it wanted a conclusion. The listener gave a gasp of interest when the crisis arrived, but his interest flagged at once when it was over, and nothing had happened. "And then?" he said breathlessly. And then? — but there was no then. John gazed at him wondering, not perceiving the failure of the story. "That is all," he said. Mr. Monypenny grew almost angry as he sat gazing at him across the table.

"I have just been telling Rolls," he said, "that the best policy in such a case is just downright honest truth. To get into a panic and keep back anything is the greatest mistake. There is no need for any panic. You will be in the hands of those that take a great interest in you, Mr. John — begging your pardon for using that name."

"You do not seem satisfied with what I have told you," John said.

"Oh, *me!* it's little consequence what I think; there's plenty to be thought upon before me. I would make no bones about it. In most things the real truth is the best, but most especially when you're under an accusation. I'm for no half-measures, if you will let me say so."

"I will let you say whatever you please — so long as you understand what I am saying. I have told you everything. Do I look like a man in a panic?" said John.

"Panic has many meanings. I make no doubt you are a brave man, and ready to face fire and sword if there was any need. But this is different. If you please, we'll not fail to understand each other for want of plain speaking. Mr. Erskine, I make no doubt that's all as true as gospel; but there's more to come. That's just a part of the story, not the whole."

"I don't mean to be offended by anything you say," said John cheerfully. "I feel that it means kindness. There is nothing more to come. It is not a part,

but the whole. It is the truth, and everything I know."

Mr. Monypenny did not look up; he was drumming his foot softly against the table, and hanging his head with a despondent air as he listened. He did not stop the one nor raise the other, but went on working his under lip, which projected slightly. There is no such tacit evidence of dissatisfaction or unbelief. Some little sign invariably breaks the stillness of attention when the teller of a tale comes to its end, if his story has been believed. There is, if no words, some stir, however slight — movement of one kind or another, if only the change of an attitude. But Mr. Monypenny did not pay this usual tribute when John's voice stopped. It was a stronger protest than if he had said, "I don't believe you," in ordinary words.

"I understand," said John, after a pause of a full minute, which seemed to him an hour. He laughed with something between despair and defiance. "Your mode of communication is very unmistakable, Mr. Monypenny. It is Scotch, I suppose. One has always heard of Scotch caution and cannyssness." If he had not been very bitter and sore at heart he would not have snatched at this aimless weapon of offence.

"Mr. Erskine," said the agent, "a sneer is always easy. Gibes break no bones, but neither have they any healing in them. You may say what you like to me, but an argument like that will do you terrible little good with them that will have to judge at the end. I am giving no opinion myself. On my own account I will speak frankly. I would rather not have heard this story — unless I was to hear —"

"What?" cried John, in the heat of personal offence.

"More," said Mr. Monypenny regretfully — "more; just another dozen words would have been enough; but if there is no more to say —"

"I am not a man to make protestations of truth. There is no more to say, Mr. Monypenny."

"Well-a-well," said the agent gloomily, shaking his head; "we must take just what is given — we must try to make the best of it. And you think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" he said, with a slight emphasis. It required all John's self-command to keep his temper. He had to remind himself forcibly of the true and steady and long-tried kindness with which this doubter had stood by him, and cared for his interests all his life — a wise

steward, a just guardian. These thoughts kept unseemly expressions from his lips, but he was not the less sore at heart. Even after the first blow of the criminal examination, and his detention in prison, it had all seemed to him so simple. What could be necessary but to tell his story with sufficient distinctness (in which he thought he had failed before the sheriff)? Surely truth and falsehood were distinguishable at a glance, especially by those who are accustomed to discriminate between them. But the blank of unbelief and disappointment with which Mr. Monypenny heard his story chilled him to the heart. If he did not believe him, who would? He was angry, but anger is but a temporary sentiment when the mind is fairly at bay and finds itself hemmed in by difficulties and danger. He began to realize his position, the place in which he was, the circumstances surrounding him, as he had not yet done. The sheriff himself had been very civil, and deeply concerned to be the means of inflicting such an affront upon a county family; and he had added encouragingly that, on his return to Dunearn, in less than a week, when all the witnesses were got together, there was little doubt that a different light might be thrown on the affair; but Mr. Monypenny's question was not so consolatory. "You think there's nothing can be *proved* against you?" John had been gazing at his agent across the table while all these painful reflections went through his mind.

"I must be careful what I say. I am not speaking as a lawyer," he said, with an uncomfortable smile. "What I meant was, that nothing could be proved which was untrue."

The agent shook his head. "When it's circumstantial evidence, you can never build upon that," he said. "No man saw it, you may say; but if all the facts point that way, it goes far with a jury. There are some other things you will perhaps tell me. Had you any quarrel ever with poor Tinto? Was there ill blood between you? Can any man give evidence, for example, 'I heard the panel say that he would have it out with Pat Torrance'?" or —

"For heaven's sake, what is the panel? and what connection is there between poor Torrance and —"

"Sir," said Mr. Monypenny sternly, "this is no time for jests; the panel is a Scotch law term, meaning the defender; or what you call the defendant in England. It's a terrible loss to a young man

to be unacquainted even with the phraseology of his own country."

"That is very true," John said, with a laugh; "but at least it is no fault of mine. Well, suppose I am the panel, as you say — that does not make me a vulgar brawler, does it, likely to display hostile intentions in that way? You may be sure no man can say of me that I threatened to have it out with Pat Torrance —"

"It was inadvertent — it was inadvertent," said Mr. Monypenny, waving his hand, with a slight flush of confusion; "I dare say you never said Pat — but what has that to do with it? — you know my meaning. Is there any one that can be produced to say —"

"I have quarrelled with Torrance almost as often as I have met him," said John, with obstinate decision. "I thought him a bully and a cad. If I did not tell him so, it was out of regard for his wife, and he was at liberty to find out my sentiments from my looks if it pleased him. I have never made the least pretence of liking the man."

Mr. Monypenny went on shaking his head. "All this is bad," he said, "bad! — but it does not make a quarrel in the eye of the law," he added, more cheerfully; and he went on putting a variety of questions, of which John grew very weary. Some of these questions seemed to have very little bearing upon the subject; some irritated him as betraying beyond all a persistent doubt of his own story. Altogether, the first dreary afternoon in confinement was not made much more endurable by this visit. The room in which John had been placed was like the parlor of a somewhat shabby lodging-house — not worse than he had inhabited many a time while travelling. But the idea that he could not step outside, but was bound to this enclosure, was first ludicrous, and then intolerable. The window was rather higher than usual, and there were bars across it. When it became dark, a paraffin-lamp, such as is now universal in the country — smelling horribly, as is, alas! too universal also — was brought in, giving abundance of light, but making everything more squalid than before. And as Mr. Monypenny made his notes, John's heart sank, and his impatience rose. He got up and began to pace about like a wild beast in a cage, as he said to himself. The sensation was more extraordinary than can be imagined. Not to be able, whatever might happen, to leave this shabby room. Whosoever might call to you, whatsoever might appeal to you, to

be fixed there, all your impulses checked, impotent, unable for the first time in your life to do what you had done every day of your life, to move out and in, to and fro as you pleased! John felt that if he had been a theatrical felon in a play, manacled and fettered, it would have been easier, more comprehensible. But to know that these four walls were his absolute boundaries, and that he could not go beyond them, was more astounding than any other sensation that had ever happened to him in his life. And when Mr. Monypenny, with his careful brow, weighted with doubts and fears, unable to clear his countenance from the disapprobation that clouded it, got up to take his leave, and stood holding his client's hands, overwhelmed with sympathy, vexation, dissatisfaction, and pity, the impatience and bitter sense of the intolerable in John's mind could scarcely be restrained. "Whatever there may be more to say, whatever may come to your mind, you have but to send me a word, and I'll be at your call night or day," Mr. Monypenny said.

"It is very unlikely that I should have anything more to say," said John; "but must I stay here?" It seemed incredible to him that he should be left even by his own "man of business." He had seen Beaufort go away with a sort of contemptuous certainty of speedy liberation; but Mr. Monypenny had said nothing about liberation. "Surely there is nothing to prevent bail being accepted?" he said, with an eagerness he could not disguise.

"I will see about it," Mr. Monypenny said. But the good agent went away with a dissatisfied countenance; and with a feeling that he must break through the walls or the barred window, must make his escape somehow — could not, would not, endure this extraordinary intolerable new thing — John Erskine heard the key turn in his door, and was left shut up with the paraffin-lamp, flaming and smelling more than ever, a prisoner and alone. Whether it was more ludicrous or more terrible, this annoying, impossible farce-tragedy, it was hard to say.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
GAMBETTA.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

ALL the political events of the last months of 1882 sink into insignificance in

comparison with the one that has marked its concluding moments: Gambetta is dead. France has lost the only man who, since the death of M. Thiers, has possessed real popularity, has been the leader of a party, and could be regarded as the country's true representative. It is quite impossible to convey any idea of the emotion which the death of Gambetta excited throughout the entire country. After his downfall in January, 1882, judging more especially from the utterances of certain newspapers, it might have seemed as if his popularity had become extinct, whereas it showed itself to be only more deeply rooted than ever. It extended, indeed, far beyond his own immediate party, and the grief his death occasioned was in no sense a manifestation of political feeling. Many of Gambetta's adversaries, even some members of the Right, have shared in the prevailing sorrow. Gambetta is mourned as a patriot; it was as a patriot he was loved. He was felt to be a reserve-force for France against the day of danger; the only man round whom all Frenchmen would then rally with confidence, and under whose orders they would be ready to act. Gambetta might in some sense be looked upon as a hindrance in the political world of the present; because, not himself strong enough to govern, he was sufficiently so for it to be impossible for any one to govern without him. But, regarded from a more elevated and distant point of view, he was an immense power: he had his views on government; he alone had succeeded in forming a party with ideas subordinate to his own; he alone had supporters in every class of society, in the administration, in the magistracy, in the army; he alone represented France abroad, and the very fears his name inspired were an indirect homage to his power. In the state of disorganization, of intellectual and moral anarchy in which France is at present, the passing away of a man like this is a national calamity. Some few fanatics here and there are able to rejoice at the removal of one whom they looked upon as an obstacle to the realization of their illusory dreams; but the mass of the nation has been stirred by a deep and disinterested grief.

Independently of the higher and patriotic causes of Gambetta's popularity, imagination and sentiment have, it must be owned, had something to do with the profound impression which his life and his death have created. They are a drama



and a poem, full of startling incident and action. The son of a small grocer of Cahors, of foreign extraction and no fortune, he became famous in one day by favor of a political lawsuit. His flight from Paris in a balloon was the second startling incident of his life; his lawsuit during the political campaign of the 16th of May, the third. And finally, he dies after an accident, the cause of which remains a mystery; and his funeral is, as it were, an apotheosis of his memory. To a people like the French, so fond of the drama, and so essentially literary and artistic, is not this a destiny calculated to lead every heart captive?

What though Gambetta bore a foreign name, it was sonorous and readily engraven on the memory. His open countenance, his engaging smile, won general sympathy; whilst the glass eye he wore in place of the eye he lost as a child, gave a certain fixedness and fascination to his gaze. A voice at once powerful and charming, capable of every modulation, to which the southern accent lent fervor and incisiveness; an impulsive nature and wonderful spirit; and a rare power of assimilation—all combined to give the young lawyer extraordinary ascendancy over every one who came in contact with him. Already he was surrounded by a whole cluster of friends full of belief in his brilliant future, when, in consequence of the political lawsuit he was called to conduct, his name was suddenly on every one's tongue. The Empire had instituted proceedings against certain newspapers for opening a subscription for the erection of a monument to Baudin, a representative of the people who had been killed on a barricade on the 4th of December, 1851. Gambetta was one of the counsel for the defence, and, without paying any heed to the matter itself, he made a flaming speech against the December crime, which struck the magistrates dumb with admiration and astonishment. The year after, in 1869, Gambetta was elected deputy for both Paris and Marseilles, and took his stand as leader of the opposition against the Empire, which he defined in one word, *irréconciliable*. What constituted his originality and ensured his success was a singular mixture of violence and practical good sense, an absence of anything like narrow-mindedness or fanaticism combined with the zeal of an apostle. When he announced to the electors of Belleville his political creed—more than one article of which he was in later years obliged to cancel—

though adopting the most provoking attitude towards the Empire, he kept up intimate relations with the Orleanists, and supported the candidature of Prévost Paradol, and subsequently that of M. Thiers.

If the experiment of a Liberal Empire, to which the more enlightened *bourgeoisie* had given in its adhesion, had been successful, Gambetta's position would no doubt have lost in weight; but there came successively the *plébiscite* and the war, and then Sedan, to justify his attitude of *irréconciliable*. Once the Empire had fallen, he became the true representative of France. It is difficult to tell how far his colleagues in the government of national defence were glad to get rid of him by sending him into the provinces to organize a resistance that seemed impossible; at all events they ensured his fame. His flight from Paris in a balloon with M. Spuller, the enthusiasm his arrival in the country occasioned, the amazing rapidity with which, with M. de Freycinet's aid, he organized the army of the Loire, the unlooked-for victory at Coulmiers, all created an indelible impression on the popular mind. That Gambetta committed great faults, that he showed a want of experience, and above all, did very wrong, once the armistice was signed, to attack so fiercely his Paris colleagues, and in defiance of all justice, declare all former official deputies, senators, and functionaries of the Empire ineligible to the future Assembly, is very true; but it is no less true that he showed indefatigable courage and activity, and even strategical talent, as the enemy admitted; that he knew how to appeal to every living force in France without party distinction; that during four months he was the very soul of his country; and that, whilst the Paris government showed itself incapable of making any use of the forces existing in the capital, Gambetta was the real saviour of the national honor. To him we owe the only general who showed himself capable of commanding an army, General Chanzy, whose death, by a strange fatality, took place two days previous to Gambetta's funeral.

The war had placed Gambetta in the foremost rank, but he embodied the idea of the war; the country wanted peace, to get which it elected an Assembly with a reactionary majority. Gambetta was obliged to take the second place, yielding the first to M. Thiers, who, with every right to it, proved himself worthy of it. But M. Thiers could have done nothing had he



not found in M. Gambetta an auxiliary all the more powerful for having been treated by him with unjust contempt, and called a *fou furieux*. No period of his life does M. Gambetta greater credit than this; never did he give proof of finer political qualities than during the years extending from 1871 to 1878. The Republican party still numbered in its ranks many of the old school of 1848, absolute theorists, heirs of the Jacobin dogmas of 1793, who preferred that the Republic should perish rather than be differently organized from what they had pictured it to themselves in their dreams. Gambetta was not of that school: he was a realist in politics; he knew that institutions are what the men who make them choose them to be; he held that before all things the Republic must be established, wrested from the hands of its enemies, and its power secured. He was an *opportuniste* — which means that he always subordinated his policy to the possibilities and needs of the moment, instead of confining himself to bare and impracticable statements of principle. This epithet of *opportuniste*, used by his enemies in an injurious sense, will remain his highest eulogium. He never deserved it more than at this period of his political career.

In order to appreciate the services rendered by Gambetta he should be compared with another distinguished member of the Republican party, who by a brief space preceded him to the grave — namely, Louis Blanc. He was unquestionably an able man, an indefatigable worker, a correct, and at times eloquent, though somewhat cold and solemn speaker, a talented writer, and an upright politician, yet he exercised no efficacious or useful influence on his age. His "*Histoire de Dix Ans*," which is the only one of his books most likely to live, is in many parts nothing but a spiteful pamphlet, which has propagated the most utterly false notions concerning the government of Louis Philippe; his "*History of the Revolution*" is a declamatory apology for Jacobinism; the Socialistic lucubrations he indulged in at the Workmen's Congress at the Luxembourg in 1848, incited the people to revolt, without bettering in any way the condition of the poorer classes; the one of his works that contains the most wisdom and good sense is his correspondence addressed from London to the *Temps* from 1860 to 1870. He was more accurate in his judgment of foreigners than of his fellow-countrymen; but that did not make him clearer-sighted or more reasonable

when he returned to France. In his book on the "*Constitution de 1875*" (Charpentier), published the very day of his funeral, he again attacks Gambetta for the most meritorious acts of his political career. Whilst Louis Blanc shut himself up in haughty inaction, content with enunciating principles and dogmas, thus leaving a clear field to the reactionary party, Gambetta threw himself into the heat of political action, associated himself with every section of the majority, engaged in a thousand negotiations, a thousand intrigues, scattered disorder amid the ranks of his opponents, and by dint of his cleverness, pliancy, and breadth of mind, contrived, in an Assembly for the most part composed of Monarchists, to get a majority to proclaim the Republic. Louis Blanc's loyalty to the Republic would have been its ruin; Gambetta saved it by his concessions to men and things. He it was who succeeded in checking the impatience of his party, in allaying its mistrust of M. Thiers, in making it first admit the right of the General Assembly to give a constitution to France, and then accept the Constitution of 1875, though it was far from answering to the ideas the Republicans had hitherto held. And this great point once gained, it was again Gambetta who had the marvellous address to contract that strange alliance with the Right, whereby sixty of the seventy-five life senators were drawn from the ranks of the Left. Finally, he avoided the mistake so many of his colleagues committed, of throwing discredit by his criticisms on the Constitution he had voted for; he tried rather to show how it might be made to serve for the consolidation and development of the Republic. During this time of difficulty and struggle Gambetta exhibited the true qualities of a statesman — a quickness in seizing the main point, and a justness and breadth of mind truly admirable. He was a hard worker, forever intent on instructing himself; and the capacity, zeal, and high-mindedness he displayed in all questions of national interest, especially those relating to military affairs, won men of the most varied political opinions to his side.

When the Parliamentary *coup d'état* of May 16, 1877, took place, and Marshal MacMahon dismissed the Jules Simon Ministry, obliged the Senate to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and tried to bring about a reactionary general election, Gambetta found himself a second time the natural head of the Republican party.

He whom M. Thiers had treated as a *fou furieux* now found himself his closest ally; and had M. Thiers lived Gambetta would have become prime minister under Mr. Thiers, president of the Republic. It was more especially in this campaign of May the 16th, ending in the signal defeat of the coalition formed by the reactionary parties, that Gambetta showed how admirably qualified he was to be the head of a party. His ascendancy was such that the strictest discipline reigned unbroken amongst the Republicans — his counsels were all received as commands. He even supplied the motto of the struggle, in the famous dilemma hurled at Marshal MacMahon as a defiance: *Se soumettre ou se démettre*. He knew the nature of the electoral material so well, that the Republican majority came out strengthened from the ballot-box, and he had so many friends and partisans in every class, that had the marshal ventured on a *coup d'état* the very army would have risen against him. M. MacMahon first submitted, and then resigned — a result due in great measure to M. Gambetta's cleverness, energy, and eloquence.

From 1878, above all from 1879 — from the moment, that is, when, M. Grévy having been made president of the Republic, M. Gambetta succeeded him as president of the Chamber of Deputies — a new period of his political career begins, when he was more criticised and more severely attacked, even by the Republican party; when his popularity began to lessen, and he fell into serious errors. Not to have committed mistakes would have been difficult; everything tended that way — the attacks of his opponents, as the excesses of his followers. The difficulties of the situation had increased when once the Republicans became masters of the field, and having no longer to dispute it with the reactionary party, were split up into sections, each aspiring to the government. Gambetta had foreseen this when he said: *L'ère des dangers est fermée; celle des difficultés commence*.

He did not himself know how to overcome these difficulties. He felt that he could not take the lead himself, because on the one hand M. Grévy showed little inclination to entrust the formation of a new ministry to him; and, on the other hand, in spite of his growing popularity, he was still the representative of a more advanced policy than that of the majority in the country, or of the Parliament taken *en bloc*, both Chambers included. There were other difficulties besides: the opin-

ion of other nations, who looked upon him as the representative of the idea of revenge; the impossibility of adopting any very decided or energetic line of policy when the Republicans were so much divided; and the pressure which the deputies themselves, so entirely subject to the local influences of their electoral divisions, exercised on the government. Not only was Gambetta, therefore, unable to take the lead himself, he did not even wish it; he knew how to be patient, but he was not patient enough; he had too little confidence in his own authority and popularity; he was anxious to pave the way for the day of his power, that he might then possess real authority, and establish a firm and lasting government. Instead of strictly confining himself to the duties of his office as president of the Chamber, and using his influence for the support of the ministry that seemed to him the fittest and the most certain of a solid majority, his object was to prevent any ministry from obtaining a firm Parliamentary and political position; and also, so to exert his influence in the appointment of functionaries of all kinds, administrators, diplomatic and military officials, and judges, as to make sure of a large following against the time of his becoming minister himself. Without a sufficiently strong party in the Chamber to form a majority, he could at least ensure the fall of any ministry that tried to do without him. He successively supported M. Waddington, de Freycinet, and Jules Ferry, by imposing his own conditions upon them, and directing their decisions, and compassed their downfall when they tried to act independently of him, or when he found their power tending to become too strong.

This course of action has been described as *gouvernement occulte*; incorrectly so, for Gambetta never concealed his incessant intervention in all that went on. He had friends who represented his views even in the ministry itself; in all the government departments he had devoted partisans, through whom he was informed of everything; he gave written advice to his *protégés*; whilst every one knew that he was constantly consulted by the ministers, both with respect to appointments to be made, and on questions of general politics. But it is none the less true that the authority he exercised, free as it was from all responsibility, was far too great; that he aroused the enmity of the very ministers he ruled; that he gathered round him a whole train of petitioners and *pro-*

*tégers*, by whom he was frequently compromised; that the appointments he caused to be made, without being responsible for them, were not always the most desirable; that, finally, he lent arms to those who feigned to see in him the future dictator; that, at all events, his first thought was his personal influence. These errors were the cause of his defeat on a question on which he was nevertheless entirely in the right—that of the *scrutin de liste*. He judged rightly that the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, together with universal suffrage, could not but result, in the provinces, in the election of second-rate men, who owed it to local claims or to intrigue that they had a local fame; that in the artisan quarters of the towns it ensured the return of the most Radical candidates; that, moreover, the deputies thus returned, exclusively intent as they must be on pleasing their constituents, devoted themselves to local interests, to the neglect of the general interests of the country; that, finally, as the elections were independent of all general political influence, a government majority was not to be looked for. Most Republican politicians recognized the justness of this view, but they were afraid that, in accepting the *scrutin de liste*, they would be putting too much power in Gambetta's hands, and furnishing him with the means of creating a vast system of electoral coercion and official representation. It cost M. Gambetta untold efforts to get the *scrutin de liste* accepted by the Chamber by a majority of only four; and the Senate, in evident defiance of him, rejected the proposed reform.

It was a mistake, for the Senate thereby prevented the formation of a government majority; and the Chamber of 1881 is the most indifferent, the most incapable, and the most unruly we have ever had. Unfortunately, Gambetta responded to the Senate's mistake by a yet more serious one, in making the revision of the Constitution the platform of the elections. His view, we know, was that the object of the revision was rather to establish the *scrutin de liste* as a constitutional principle than to lessen the power of the Senate; but as the revision of the Constitution was demanded by all those who wanted the abolition of the Senate, Gambetta seemed to be making common cause with them, and thus alienated the Senate and the moderate Republicans; whilst by attaching such importance to the *scrutin de liste* he awakened the strongest mistrust amongst the deputies, who felt that, once

this measure was carried, they would be at his mercy.

Accordingly, in the month of November, 1881, M. Gambetta found himself obliged to assume the leadership under the most unfavorable circumstances, because no other minister had shown himself capable of forming a lasting majority. In the month of July every one was clamoring for a Gambetta ministry; in the month of November all confidence in it was gone. Instead of forming a ministry of men of tried capacity, representing the various sections of the Republican party, he was obliged to form one exclusively of his personal friends, some few of whom were capable men, and a smaller number had only the reputation of being such. Thus the government of Gambetta came to be looked upon as the government of a *coterie*, instead of a national government, as its leader intended it to be, and as it might have been if he had associated better men with himself. Arbitrary motives were seen in all his actions; his very independence and liberality in choosing colleagues from the ranks of the old party of reaction were looked upon as the caprice of a despot; his élan in defending the interests of France in Egypt was set down to a feverish love of adventure; his scheme for establishing the *scrutin de liste* was a desire to restore representation by officials; and thus, two months after taking office, he fell, without having accomplished anything, and having turned the greater number of his friends against him.

He suffered the consequences of his bad surroundings, and of his political mistakes during his presidency of the Chamber; but if he had erred in matters of detail, it soon began to be apparent that he was right in the general line of his policy, in his instincts and his motives. During the Freycinet ministry, in the midst of the shuffling inconsistency of a policy without aim and without principle, of which the only object was to maintain a majority from day to day, Gambetta's popularity and influence were slowly recovering. When the Freycinet ministry fell, in the month of July last, though it was impossible to recall Gambetta, because neither he nor the Chamber would give way on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, yet nothing seemed more natural than to place at the head of affairs men who were in sympathy with him, who followed his counsels, and who constituted, so to speak, a Gambetta ministry without Monsieur Gambetta. His posi-

tion gained in strength every day, because he no longer sought to exercise any influence over the *personnel* of the government, otherwise than by the exercise of his own intelligence, good sense, and experience. Already the time could be foreseen when he would return to power, the wiser for his reverses, and surrounded, not only by personal friends, but by the most eminent members of the Republican party.

It was at this moment that death seized upon him — a death due less to the accident that first confined him to his bed than to the weakness of an unhealthy and exhausted constitution. According to the opinion of all his physicians, even if he had not wounded himself while handling a revolver, he was doomed to pass away at no distant time.

His death showed what a place he occupied in the esteem and affections of the nation, and to what an extent he was in the eyes of all "a great Frenchman." His funeral was a triumph to his memory. The 6th of January was one of those rare occasions on which a whole nation is stirred by one common emotion. The hundred thousand persons who formed the imposing funeral *cortège*, the fifteen hundred thousand who watched it pass, the millions who sent wreaths and addresses from every part of France, in testimony of their grief, were all united by one and the same thought — the thought of the lost provinces for which Gambetta fought, the recollection of which was never absent from his thoughts.

In this national apotheosis, as it were, the politician is so lost in the patriot that Gambetta's career and character already assume the distinctiveness of outline, the perspective, which, as a rule, time and history alone can give, and it becomes possible, especially for us who have been neither his partisans nor his opponents, to form a judgment of his character and public life.

He had faults of nature and education which injured him in his career, and alienated many people from him. Not only did his stunted and corpulent figure give a certain meanness to his appearance, but the familiarity of his manners often amounted to vulgarity. His language was not more refined than his manners; and in moments of good humor and passion alike he was not sparing of the coarsest expressions. His private life, never very correct, is reputed to have been for a considerable time one of great irregularity. For all these reasons he had the

reputation with many people of being a man *peu comme il faut*; and the *laissez aller* which predominated in his general bearing, shocked people in a man in so high a position.

But what compensated for this apparent vulgarity was the genuine goodness and real nobleness of nature which it covered. He was not a man of scrupulous morals, it must be admitted — a defective education and bad surroundings must account for this: but in money matters he showed a delicacy as estimable as it is rare in public men of the present day. His honesty amounted almost to austerity in money matters, and this in spite of a love of luxury and an unbounded generosity. He could have enriched himself without difficulty, but he determined to be above even suspicion in this respect; he refused offers of millions made to him by friends, and the small fortune which he left resulted exclusively from his share in the journals started by him — the *République Française* and the *Petite République Française*. He had not only good nature, but goodness, added to a generosity and warmth of heart which gained the sympathy of every one who came in contact with him. Under his somewhat vulgar outward manners and language there existed considerable delicacy of perception, a very acute literary taste, a sound knowledge of classical literature, and a general culture of great width and variety. His favorite author was Rabelais; and in truth a certain moral relationship seemed to exist between them, for is there not much philosophy beneath the laughter of Rabelais, and much finesse and wisdom under his superficial coarseness?

If we proceed to examine the actions of Gambetta we find the same characteristics. He was frequently carried off at the outset by a thoughtless impetuosity, which, when he yielded to it, carried him into grave errors. Such was the case when, at the end of the war, he published his decree about the *indigibles*; when he turned violently against the Senate after its rejection of the *scrutin de liste*; when he reviled the mob who hooted him at a meeting of electors.

He was often guilty of political imprudence, and spoke more frankly than the occasion required. He lessened his influence by asserting too loudly his hostility against all formal religion, and in making the war with clericalism the first article of his political programme. When, at the moment of taking office, he expressed his sympathy with the interests

of Havre as opposed to those of Rouen, he alienated to no purpose the affections of one of the largest cities of France. But when he allowed the impetuosity and exuberance of the southern to subside, then appeared the acuteness, the tact, and the good sense of the Italian. He had strong practical common sense, a wide comprehension of the true interests of the country, and a supreme skill in choosing the means best adapted for the attainment of the ends he considered desirable. He had an inventive mind, full of unexpected resources, and of admirable adaptability. He might be vanquished, but never beaten. His robust good nature never forsook him, and he never failed to find a means of recovering a lost position. His extreme optimism, which sometimes he carried too far, came chiefly from his prolific invention, and was in the end generally justified by results.

It must not be forgotten that he was a man of action rather than a man of thought: in his general aims and views there was nothing that evinced a high understanding of theories or mastery of details. He was not a politician of the type of Mirabeau, who formulated clear and precise views on almost all theoretical questions of politics. Gambetta was not a great theorist, nor a great reformer; the bills brought forward by his adherents, after the downfall of his ministry, give one rather a poor idea of his political programme in detail. He was not fitted for contending with the small daily difficulties of political life; he struggled with them like the lion with the meshes of his net, entangling himself in them without breaking them. But he had a strong sense of the general wants of the country, and when brought face to face with difficulties, he encountered them bravely, and overcame them with skill. Gifted with great self-confidence, he never let an opportunity slip, and no danger could daunt him.

His errors, and the incompleteness of his political career, were chiefly due to a close contradiction in circumstances. He came to the front as the representative of the democracy, and of the Radical democracy; to retain his popularity he had to remain a democrat and a Radical, whereas by nature he inclined rather to the party of authority, and above all felt that France needed to be governed by a firm and resolute hand. Democracy, and Radicalism driven to excess, were in his eyes the Republic's greatest danger, and he con-

sidered that the part he had to play was essentially a conservative one, and at the next elections it was his intention to adopt this attitude decidedly, and take his stand as the leader of a Tory party. But till now, to retain his influence so long as the moderate party still mistrusted him, he had to make unfortunate concessions to the Radical side — as in the case of the constitutional revision, and more especially in that of the three years' military service, in which he came forward as the advocate of a system he could not approve, but which flattered the mania for equality.

These errors and defects were redeemed by the native generosity of a character free from all pettiness and inspired by a fervent patriotism. He was an absolute stranger to rancor and to the meannesses of party spirit; in the interests of France he forgot every injury and attack made upon himself. He offered a prefecture to M. Lanfrey, who had branded his government with the title of *Dictature de l'impacit  *, and associated himself with M. Thiers, who had designated him a *fon furieux*; after the 16th of May he made M. Miribel, who was accused of being one of the most reactionary of the reactionary party, head of the staff. This generosity of mind won him many friends, because every one felt that it was for the sake of France, not of a party, that he wanted to rule; that with him everything was subordinate to his country's interest.

And it was this warm and patriotic heart of his that inspired his most eloquent utterances. He was not a correct orator. He would often lose himself in clumsy, ill-constructed sentences; then, when some strong feeling took hold of him, his eloquence would burst forth, and carry away both himself and his audience. He was never more eloquent than in his speech in favor of the amnesty. He was speaking in favor of men by whom he knew himself to be hated; from whom, he foresaw, he had nothing to expect but the low abuse and calumny with which they subsequently overwhelmed him. But there were questions of humanity at stake, as well as political interests; the amnesty was a weapon in the hands of the Radicals; it was the bond of unity between the Revolutionists and the party of order though of advanced ideas. Gambetta wanted to get rid of this irritating question, and not to leave the Revolutionists even the semblance of an excuse. He was pathetic, insinuating, imperious; he blended good sense and passion, politics and sentiment, in a fashion that took



the Chamber, the government, the Senate, and the whole country, all by storm.

That grand voice is henceforth silent. There is no one to inherit his eloquence; is there any one on whom his political inheritance will fall? At this moment the most complete anarchy reigns in the political world; the ministry is tottering, no one knows why. A change is wanted, no one knows of what nature. The Gambetta party has died with Gambetta. It was, it is true, far from being exclusively formed of men of his views. Its ranks had, to begin with, been recruited from the Radical party, at a time when Gambetta was credited with more advanced views than he actually held; and these Radical adherents had remained true to him, partly because of his personal influence, partly because their political future was dependent upon him; then some men of much more moderate views than his had joined him because he was the only representative of a policy of authority and government, and also from less worthy motives of political ambition and calculation. The number of true Gambettists — men who shared alike his dictatorial instincts, his democratic tendencies, and his political wisdom, and were bound to him in a perfectly disinterested manner by a community of ideas — was very small. With the names of MM. Spuller, Waldeck-Rousseau, and a few others, the list is exhausted. The Gambettist party will therefore be dissolved. Many of the members of the Republican Union will join either the Radical Left or the Extreme Left; this will be the case with MM. Naquet, Bert, Ranc. Others will join the Moderate Left. A new division of the Parliamentary parties and forces will therefore now take place.

In the midst of all this confusion who will take the lead? It is difficult to say; but it is probable that two currents will form themselves, one under the direction of M. Jules Ferry, the other under that of M. de Freycinet. M. Ferry is, undoubtedly, the most prominent man at present in the political world, the one who, more than all others, has displayed the true qualities of a statesman. His Republicanism and patriotism are well known: his hostility to the clericals has been manifested in his acts; he is a man of progress, but at the same time of a moderate and thoughtful mind. What he wants is an energetic government, able to take the initiative and the responsibility; he is himself courageous and independent, and his courage and talent give him great

weight in Parliament as a speaker. All those who value discipline and authority, who are afraid of seeing France become a prey to anarchy at home and sink into insignificance abroad, will range themselves on M. Ferry's side. Opposed to M. Ferry — who will, it is to be hoped, succeed in securing a majority — the most incongruous elements will group themselves under M. de Freycinet, backed by the more or less openly avowed sympathy of M. Grévy. M. de Freycinet has himself described his policy as one of deference towards the Chamber — that is to say, he has considered himself, not so much a minister whose business it is to direct, as an agent for the transaction of affairs, a clerk in the service of the majority. He will be associated with the friends of the policy of inaction, who have no thought beyond the interests of their own particular constituency; some dreamers who would wish to see American ideas introduced into France, without troubling themselves to adapt them to our traditions and habits; and all the Radicals, who, conscious of still being too weak to govern, build on his weakness their hopes for getting a number of concessions out of him which will insure them a speedy triumph. M. de Freycinet believes himself in all good faith to be the representative of moderate and liberal ideas, and is supported by M. Grévy, who has but one political idea — inaction and the peaceable enjoyment of the income he derives from the Republic. In reality, both leave France the prey of the extreme parties. Nothing can be more dangerous than the watchword of M. de Freycinet's party — the division of the Republicans into Liberals and *autoritaires*. They call upon all who are opposed to centralization and a strong executive power, to join the Liberal party, thus uniting the members of the Left Centre and the Intransigents, like M. Maret and M. de Lanessau. One may agree with them on some points of their programme; but, by attempting to unite such contradictory elements, and, under the fine name of Liberal, to create a party amongst whom ultra-Radical ideas would predominate, they are preparing the way for the disorganization of France.

What, at present, fortunately paralyzes the influence of the Radicals is, that in their very midst there are advocates of authority like M. Clemenceau side by side with absolute anarchists like M. Clovis Hugues; and that, on the other hand, they are the object of the most lively hatred and of violent attack on the part

of the Socialist working-men. Nothing is more curious than the disorder that has prevailed amongst the more advanced sections since they have been in possession of absolute liberty. Their advanced guard is made up of the little rabble of rogues and madmen who style themselves anarchists. Their system is the simplest in the world, the abolition of every form of government; their end, absolute equality; their means, dynamite, the revolver, and the dagger. It is as stupid as it is criminal; but neither the ticket-of-leave men who form the bulk of the anarchist forces, nor the visionaries, like Elisée Reclus and Prince Krapotkine, who have constituted themselves its apostles, trouble themselves much about good sense or morality. The legal proceedings instituted against the workmen of Montceau les Mines, who pillaged a presbytery and broke in the doors of a church, and those instituted at Lyons against E. Gautier, Prince Krapotkine, Bordat, and several other anarchists, for having re-established the International, have only brought to light their numerical weakness and their intellectual insignificance as a party. After these come the various grades of Socialism; but here the divisions are so numerous, the rivalries so burning, that the Socialists as a party need in no way be dreaded. These divisions broke out at the last workmen's congress of St. Etienne, which split up into two congresses — one, the more violent, held at Roanne, the other at St. Etienne. Then the real working-men of St. Etienne, with their syndical chambers, protested against the revolutionary theories put forward at both one and the other congress. The Socialists, in fact, are subdivided into revolutionary *collectivistes*, who want revolution by brute force, and non-revolutionary *collectivistes*, and, besides, Radical Socialists, amongst whom are to be found most of the old members of the Commune, who, in presence of these rival forms of madness, have thus become a kind of reactionary party.

Never was the want of real strength or depth in the Socialist ideas more apparent than in the great strike of the cabinet-makers that took place in November and December. Whilst the masters could come to no understanding amongst themselves, some being ready to make every concession to the men, others declining to make any, the men showed great moderation and good sense. They withstood all the attempts of the more advanced party to drive them into noisy demonstra-

tion; they drew up a most sensible programme, to which they unanimously adhered, and which was finally accepted by the masters. Most characteristic was the scene that took place one night at a great gathering of the men, when in the middle of a discussion one cried out, "*Vive la révolution sociale.*" "*A la porte, à la porte,*" was immediately the cry from all sides. "*Non, pas à la porte, à la tribune,*" said the president, and invited the first speaker to explain what he meant by the social revolution. The unfortunate man stammered out some incoherent words, and withdrew amid the jeers of the assembly.

The danger at present does not lie with the advanced parties. The Extreme Left of the Chamber, regarded by the Socialists with suspicion, vainly compromising itself by its advances to them, has no real weight. Its sole power lies in the general incapacity of the Republican majority and their want of unity. Most pitiable have been the debates to which the budget has given rise, particularly the budget of public worship. All the deputies see the impossibility of abolishing it and carrying out the separation of Church and State, but they cannot withstand the desire to annoy the clergy by a reduction of their allowance. They withdraw the grants made to the clergy in the East, who nevertheless represent French influence abroad; they reduce the stipends of the bishops one day, and raise them again the next; they make it a crime on the part of the government to have granted Mgr. Lavigerie, Bishop of Algiers, the funds with which that enlightened prelate labored so efficaciously for the pacification of Tunis. The religious question is always the grand difficulty for the Republican *régime*. Popular prejudice and feeling against the Catholic Church are sufficiently strong to make it necessary to pose as an anti-clerical to secure an electoral majority; while, on the other hand, the hostility of the Republican government to the Church alienates a very important and influential portion of the *bourgeoisie*. Strangely enough, in many instances it even alienates popular sympathy. The same people who will vote for none but an anti-clerical are indignant at the crucifixes being removed from the schools. All sensible Republicans consider that the wisest course is to live on good terms with the Catholics; but every one is afraid that, if he show himself liberally disposed towards them, he will be accused of clericalism.

In this respect M. Duclerc's ministry showed both sense and courage, and was in every way far above what it was expected to be. With the exception of M. Tirard, who made an error of a hundred millions in his projected budget, thereby proving that the duties of a minister of finance were beyond his capacity, the ministry have done their work honestly and steadily. All the deputies speak of a change now; but this is from mere instability of mind, for no just charge can be brought against the ministry. As regards the Egyptian question, already greatly compromised when he received it from M. de Freycinet's hands, M. Duclerc has maintained a most dignified attitude, accepting no illusory compensation for the abolition of the dual control, and leaving England free without being responsible for her policy. In Madagascar and Tongking, and on the Congo, M. Duclerc has defended French interests, which is all the more to his credit since M. Jauréguiberry, the minister of marine, was opposed to M. de Brazza and his colonization projects on the Ogooué, and M. Grévy is systematically opposed to all French enterprise abroad. But M. Duclerc had a very strong current of public opinion in his favor. People in France are not very well up in colonial questions; but lately they have been attracting public attention in a special degree, and if the government is wise enough to take advantage of this circumstance, a new and most important outlet might be opened up for French enterprise and capital. It can only be to the advantage of foreign countries to encourage this movement, even England, who cannot wish to increase her colonial empire; and the population of France being both too small and too stationary to occupy all the colonies which France now possesses in Oceania, Africa, and Asia, they are so many new fields open to European commerce generally. It is to the interest both of England and France to preserve their mutual friendship, and to that end a good understanding on colonial questions is one of the most necessary conditions: it is, moreover, to the general interest of Europe that France should find some foreign outlet to give new activity to her trade, and to raise her self-esteem. This would furnish the best guarantee for peace and harmony. Some idea of the views and wishes of those Frenchmen who are interested in colonial matters may be gained from the excellent work by M. P. Leroy-Beaulieu on the "Colonization chez

les Peuples Modernes" (Guillaumin). M. Leroy-Beaulieu is one of those who are most strongly convinced that it is the duty of France to turn her attention and energies in the direction of the colonies, and he analyzes in a most intelligent manner the elements of the colonial strength of the different modern nations.

From Chambers' Journal.  
FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK had passed since the memorable interview between Frobisher and Mr. Pebworth, without being productive of any event worth recording here. No other will of the late Mr. Askew had yet come to light; and Pebworth, whose imagination had been so unduly inflamed at first, was not merely becoming more anxious at each day's delay, but was evidently not without suspicion that he was being made the victim of some deception, the drift of which he could not fathom.

Frobisher, too, was beginning to tire of the part he was playing, and was considering within himself how most effectively to bring his little comedy to a climax, never dreaming that that very afternoon it would be brought to a climax for him in a mode totally unexpected by himself and every one concerned.

That day a little party from Waylands had decided upon a picnic in Pilberry Wood; and to Pilberry Wood they had accordingly come. Luncheon was now over; and Miss Deene, who had volunteered for the post — all the others having strolled away out of sight — had been left to look after the forks, china, and other et-ceteras, till the servants should arrive, some half-hour later, and relieve her.

It was somewhat singular that Mr. Frank Frobisher, who had pleaded letters to write as an excuse for not coming with the others, should have found his way on foot to the glade within a few minutes of the time Miss Deene was left alone; and it was still more singular that that young lady should have betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. He at once began to assist her in the self-imposed duties of packing forks and knives, and folding tablecloths.

"That won't do at all," said Miss Deene. "Your corners are not even.

Try again. That's better. A little scolding does you good, you see."

"That altogether depends upon who the person is that scolds me," replied her companion.

"How do you like a picnic without the nuisance of servants?"

"That also depends. In the present case it is very jolly; and I wouldn't mind being head waiter and bottle-washer-in-chief at all the picnics of the season, provided I could always have a certain young person for my assistant."

"And I could go on folding tablecloths forever, if I could always have you to help me. Dick, dear, what was it that first attracted you to poor insignificant me?"

"Don't know. Couldn't help myself, I suppose. With me it was a case of spoons at first sight."

"And with me also."

"I had not been five minutes in your company before I felt that my time was come."

"My own feeling exactly."

"All which goes to prove that we are made for each other."

"Any one who dared to say we are not, would be a wicked story-teller."

"This may be your last picnic, Elma. Are you not sorry?"

"Why should I be sorry when I am going to have a home of my own?"

"A home of your own — yes — but what a home!"

"It won't be too small, Dick, for happiness to dwell there."

Miss Deene's delightful *tête-à-tête* with her sweetheart was destined not to be of long duration. She and Frank were stooping over an open hamper with their heads in close proximity, when they were startled by the appearance of Mrs. Pebworth, escorted by Dick Drummond with a shawl over his arm.

"Come along, aunt," said Dick. "Better late than never. But why didn't you come in the drag?"

"It was the jellies this time that kept me. That new cook of yours doesn't seem to know how to manage them. But when I heard there was a return fly going back to the village, I thought I would follow you."

"I'm very glad you have come," said Frank heartily.

"And so am I," responded Elma. "Here's a nice, mossy old bank for you to sit on, aunt. It's the best seat we can offer you."

"It's quite good enough for me, my dear." Dick spread down a shawl. and

Mrs. Pebworth seated herself and loosened her bonnet-strings.

"Bless me, what a color the girl has got!" she added a moment or two afterwards, with her eyes bent on Elma. "When I was young, if a girl had a color like that, people used to say that her sweetheart had been kissing her."

Miss Deene's cheeks took a still deeper tint. She turned away, and pretended to be looking for something in the hamper. "The practice you speak of, aunt," she said, "is obsolete nowadays — at least in society. It went out with coal-scuttle bonnets, short skirts, and sandals."

"Go along with you! Kissing is one of them things that never go out of fashion. It comes as natural to young folks as the measles or the whooping-cough, and it's just as catching."

Frobisher came to the rescue. "Mrs. Pebworth," he said, "as head waiter of this establishment, what shall I have the pleasure of offering you? What do you say to a slice of Strasbourg pie and a glass of dry sherry?"

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but I had my dinner long ago. You would call it luncheon, but I call it dinner. When Algernon and me were first married, we used to have dinner regular at one o'clock to the minute; and I like my dinner at that hour now."

"But you will take a little refreshment of some kind?"

"Well, if I must, I should like about half a glass of bottled stout. It's both meat and drink, as one may say." Then turning to Dick, she added; "I always like a drop of stout of a morning about eleven, or else I feel sinking and no-how all day."

"Fine institution, stout at eleven. Always go in for it, myself," responded Dick.

"But where's the rest of the party — Algernon and Clunie and the others?"

"Gone in search of the picturesque. Be back before long."

"As if any of them cared twopence about the picturesque!" Then turning to Frank and Elma, she asked: "But why haven't you two gone to look for the picturesque?"

"If you please, aunt, this person is the waiter, and I am his assistant," answered Elma demurely.

Mrs. Pebworth shook her head. "Take care he doesn't press you to become his partner," she said.

"I have already," said Frobisher grave-

ly, "asked Miss Deene to accept of that position —"

"The liabilities being exceedingly limited, and the assets uncommonly small," interposed Dick.

Mrs. Pebworth was startled. "Is that true, Elma, dear?" she asked, with a little quaver in her voice.

"Ye-es. Mr. Drummond has asked me to set up in business with him."

"And you have said —"

"I haven't said no."

"Come and kiss me, child. You have made me very happy."

Elma kissed her — more than once; and Mrs. Pebworth cried a little, as was but natural under the circumstances.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Pebworth, to kindly keep this little affair secret for a few days?" said Frobisher.

"I'll keep it secret as long as you like; but whatever Algernon will say when he comes to hear of it, I for one don't know."

"We are prepared for the worst — we have made up our minds to rough it."

"Yes, aunt — to bid a long farewell to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," put in Elma.

"I like to hear you say that. I like to see two young people who love each other so well that a little poverty doesn't frighten them," said Mrs. Pebworth heartily.

"And now, Nephew Frank," she added turning to Drummond, "suppose you and I go in search of the picturesque?"

"With all my heart, aunt; I am quite at your service," answered Dick.

"They will like to be left to themselves a bit," said Mrs. Pebworth in a stage whisper. "Most young people do at such times."

"Soon tire of that after marriage," responded worldly-wise Richard. With that he offered Mrs. Pebworth his arm, and they strolled off down one of the pathways between the trees.

Miss Deene produced her embroidery and sat down on the same mossy bank formerly occupied by her aunt. Frank flung himself on the turf at her feet.

"I wish all the rest of the world would lose themselves in a wood and not be found for ever and ever so long," remarked Elma.

"So do I, with all my heart."

"Mr. Dempsey is going to propose to me to-day — I know he is."

"The deuce he is! But how do you know?"

"I've a presentiment which tells me that he is. You won't be jealous, will you?"

"I? Not a bit jealous — of Mr. Dempsey."

"He is very rich."

"He is very old and ugly."

"So much the better. Young and handsome husbands are as plentiful as blackberries — but a dear, cross-grained, snuffy old darling! And one need never be jealous of him."

"Mr. Dempsey goes a long way towards fulfilling your requirements."

"Yes; but I shall be obliged to refuse him."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised myself to you. Heigh-ho!"

"Why do you sigh, Miss Deene?"

"Can't one sigh without being called upon for an explanation?"

"I thought that perhaps you were sighing because you had lost the chance of marrying Mr. Dempsey."

"You are a great goose, and you thought nothing of the kind. Besides, Mr. Clever, if I wanted to marry Mr. Dempsey, what is there to hinder me from jilting you?"

"Nothing."

"Then behave yourself properly. I see Mr. Dempsey coming this way. O dear! what shall I say to him?"

"Frank sprang to his feet. "So long as I am here, the old gentlemen will hardly venture on his confession."

"But I don't want you here; I want you to go away."

"You do, do you?" said Frank, opening wide his eyes.

"Of course I do. I shall probably never have another offer of marriage as long as I live."

"And you do not want to miss this one?"

"Of course I don't. What girl would?"

"In that case I will say *au revoir*."

"You will not be long away?"

"Not more than half an hour."

"Not so long as that! I shall put Mr. Dempsey out of his misery very quickly."

Frank laughed and nodded, and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Elma resumed her seat and her embroidery.

Mr. Dempsey, picking his way carefully, and wearing his hat a little more on one side than usual, came slowly forward. His eyesight was defective, and he had not seen Frobisher. He took off his hat with an elaborate flourish. Elma looked up with a heightened color, but with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

"I am fortunate in finding you alone, Miss Deene," said the elderly beau with a smirk.



"Why fortunate, Mr. Dempsey?"

"Because I have something to say to you that concerns ourselves alone."

"A secret! That will be delightful. Go on, please."

"Miss Deene, I am a plain man."

"Hum — well — you ought to know best, perhaps."

"A plain-spoken man, Miss Deene. I cannot indulge in any of those sentimental rhapsodies, proper enough at twenty, I dare say, but which are slightly ridiculous at — hum — at fifty. I must come to the point at once. I respect you — I admire you — I love you, if you will allow me to say so; and I am here to ask you to become my wife."

"O Mr. Dempsey!"

"I am not a poor man. A liberal allowance would be yours. You would have a handsome settlement, diamonds, your own carriage, every comfort, in fact. Such an offer is not to be had every day. What say you, Miss Deene, what say you?"

"I say with you, Mr. Dempsey, that such an offer is not to be had every day. Were I a leopard, or an owl, or a bear, I would say yes to it; but being only a woman, I must say no."

"I should do my best to make you happy."

"I do not doubt that, as you do your best to make your birds and animals happy; you keep them warm, and you feed them well, but — you shut them up in cages. Now, I don't want to be shut up in a cage, even though it were a gilded one."

"You are frankness itself, Miss Deene; but I hope I am not to take this decision as a final one?"

"I certainly wish you to look upon it as such."

"Well, well. I ought to have been in the field a couple of years ago. Young ladies of twenty nowadays can generally plead the excuse of a prior attachment."

"A prior attachment, Mr. Dempsey! Why, I had been the victim of half-a-dozen prior attachments before I was sixteen."

"Eh?"

"When I was six years old, there was a little boy with curly hair whom I absolutely adored. He wore red shoes, and I think that was the reason why I loved him. He must be grown up by this time. I wonder whether he wears red shoes now. Then, when I was at school, I thought my dancing-master the most delightful of men. He was a Frenchman, and very bald, and oh! so fat; but I loved

him. He spoke the most charming broken English, and I fancy that was the reason why I was so fond of him. These are touching reminiscences, Mr. Dempsey."

"To you, doubtless, Miss Deene," answered the old beau stiffly. "I leave you a sadder, if not a wiser man."

"And I have been doing my best to amuse you! O dear!"

"Is there absolutely no hope?"

"Absolutely none."

Mr. Dempsey lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. Miss Deene rose and dropped an elaborate courtesy.

Mr. Dempsey turned to go, but had not proceeded half-a-dozen yards before he came to a stand.

"Miss Deene!"

"Yes, Mr. Dempsey."

"I have some good news for you. I had a telegram this morning, and the pelican is better — much better."

"I'm so very glad to hear it."

"He can now take his usual allowance of fish for breakfast."

"How nice! I should like his photograph. I am particularly fond of pelicans."

"No, really? You shall have a photograph next week without fail. *Au revoir, au revoir.*"

"An offer of marriage, even from a Dempsey, is calculated to flutter one's nerves a little," said Elma to herself. "Crewel-work seems very tame after it. I wonder what Clunie would say if she knew. She would say I was a fool for refusing him, and she would believe it too."

Frobisher, when he left Miss Deene, took the first footpath through the trees that presented itself, without caring whither it might lead him, his thoughts being far away. He had gone no great distance, when a sudden turn brought him face to face with Mr. Pebworth, who had discreetly lingered behind Mr. Dempsey, being probably quite aware what object that gentleman had in view in seeking a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Deene.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Richard, a word with you, if you please," he said with a sickly smile, the moment his eyes fell on Frobisher.

"A hundred, if you wish it, Mr. Pebworth."

Mr. Pebworth laid a hand on Frobisher's arm, and then glanced suspiciously round. "Any news of the second will yet?" he whispered.

"Not yet, Mr. Pebworth. But I am busy, very busy, going through Mr.

Askew's papers; and I should not be surprised in the least — not in the least, Mr. Pebworth, I assure you — if I were to come across some such document before the present week is over."

The two men looked meaningly at each other for a moment, and then Mr. Pebworth's eyes fell. He was wondering what he should say next, when Frank spoke.

"I am right in assuming that Miss Deene's fortune is eight thousand pounds?"

"That is the amount to a penny — dependent entirely on my consent to her marriage."

"Precisely so. That is clearly understood."

Another pause, then Pebworth said: "I am going in search of a sherry and seltzer. Will you go back and join me?"

"Thanks — no. They tell me there is a charming view from the high ground over yonder. I am going in search of it."

"Then you will probably meet my daughter and Captain Dyson. They went that way half an hour ago."

"Richard Drummond, I hate you as I never hated a man before," was Mr. Pebworth's unspoken thought as the two men turned their backs on each other and went each his own way. But presently his musings assumed a more roseate hue. "With two thousand a year derivable from landed property, what may I not aspire to?" he muttered to himself. "And the method of obtaining the prize so safe and simple! Before I'm ten years older, the two thousand a year will have more than doubled itself, unless I'm a greater ass than I believe myself to be. And then, why not a seat in the House? I must begin to define my political principles more clearly. At present, I hardly know whether I am a Liberal-Conservative, or a Conservative-Liberal, or both."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
A NEW WINTER RESORT.

HAIFA, PALESTINE,  
1st January.

IT is only to be expected that, as facilities of locomotion increase, and knowledge extends, the growing requirements of a civilization for new summer and winter resorts should be met by the discovery of localities expressly adapted for the purpose. Thus, within the last few years, we have seen the Engadine created into

a summer sanitarium; and the popularity of Egypt as a winter residence has been steadily growing, and has probably only received a temporary check owing to existing political events. In consequence, no doubt, of the greater numbers in quest of health and rest during the summer, and of the ease with which pleasant spots for the purpose of a *villegiatura* may be discovered, they exist in almost infinite variety, and people may safely be left to themselves to find them. A winter abroad in a warm climate is a more serious matter. It inevitably involves a long journey; and in the degree in which the invalid travels south do the amenities of civilization cease, and the hardships incidental to comparative barbarism increase. I venture to think, therefore, that whoever contributes a new idea in regard to the advantages held out by localities which are not generally known or recognized as winter or health resorts, may find his justification for so doing in the possible benefit he may be the means of conferring upon some of his fellow-creatures.

On the Mediterranean, as a rule, just in proportion as you get quiet and economy do you get bad accommodation. The objection to Egypt is that, whether you stay in Cairo or go up the Nile, you merely exchange one very expensive alternative for another. In the former case you have the choice of two, or at most three, hotels, crowded with tourists or visitors; in the latter, of a *dahabeeyah* or Cook's steamer. Lodgings are out of the question, and so is travelling of any kind except by water. In Algiers, to have comfort, you must keep near the principal centre of civilization. In the towns of southern Europe the winter climate is generally too cold to meet all the requirements of those in search of a radical change. It has long been a wonder to me that, under these circumstances, the merits of the coast of Syria have not been more generally recognized. It is true that at the present moment there are only two places on that coast which offer the requisite accommodation, and this only on a limited scale; but the supply would meet the demand if a beginning were once made.

These two places are Beyrout and Haifa. At Beyrout there are a couple of excellent hotels. There are now nearly three hundred public carriages plying for hire: the neighborhood furnishes most picturesque drives along good roads. Persons deciding upon spending the winter could find other and cheaper ac-

commodation than that of the hotels. The better class of houses are well built — of stone — and generally situated in a garden. There is a street of European shops, besides a well-stocked native bazaar, where all the necessities, and most of the luxuries, of life can be obtained; while for those who desire to vary their lives with the excitement of travel and exploration, the valleys of the Lebanon offer attractions unsurpassed by mountain scenery in any part of the world. And every facility exists at Beyrout for making it the best point of departure for expeditions to all parts of Asiatic Turkey. Those less dependent upon society and the resources of civilization may, however, find in Haifa the charm which attracted me to that spot in preference to any other upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

Four years ago I arrived here from Nazareth, on my way to Beyrout by land; and struck by the beauty of the spot and the comparative civilization which had been introduced by the German colony, of which more presently, I was glad of the opportunity which presented itself this winter of choosing it as a winter residence. During the interval which had elapsed since my former visit, there are evident signs of a progress rare among Turkish towns. The streets have been paved, the number of substantial white limestone buildings has increased; and in spite of the obstacles thrown in the way by the government, the statistics since that time have shown a steadily increasing commerce. Indeed, seen from seaward, or from the low, grassy promontory of Ras el Krum, which forms the southwest point of the shore enclosing the Bay of Acre, the town begins to present quite an imposing appearance. The clean, well-built stone houses at intervals line the sandy beach, fringed here and there with trees for a mile, and extend up the lower slopes of Carmel, along the flanks of which mountain vineyards and olive-groves rise in terraces. At the curve of the bay, on the eastern margin of the town, the brook Kishon struggles to debouch into the sea. At most seasons of the year, prevented from doing so by sandbanks, it is forced back, forming a small lake, which furnishes a supply of water to the gardens of oranges, figs, and pomegranates which surround it; while groves of stately date-palms impart a still more Oriental character to the scenery. The present town of Haifa is comparatively modern, but the promontory is one

to which many historical associations attach; and the traces of the ruins which exist upon it date from a remote antiquity. Ancient Greek and Roman authors mention Sycaminum as a city occupying this position; the name evidently derived from the Hebrew word *succa*, signifying a "hut." The name "Sycaminum" occurs in the Talmud, as well as "Haifa," as being a town in the neighborhood of Accho or Acre. It is conjectured by some to be the Biblical Gibeah; but it does not appear in connection with any marked event in history until the year 1100, when it was besieged and taken by storm by Tancred; but after the battle of Hattin it fell into the hands of Saladin. The existing ruins upon the site of the old town consist of a massive piece of sea-wall; of the foundations of a construction of what was apparently a circular fort; of remains of tombs and wells, with here and there mounds, out of which crop fragments of rude masonry. A hundred and twenty years ago the then existing town of Haifa was destroyed by a certain sheikh Omar el Zahir, who had made himself master of central Palestine, and chosen Acre for his place of residence. For some years the shores of this part of the bay remained abandoned, and the present town only sprang up in the early part of this century, about two miles from the ancient Haifa, at the head of the bay, under rather peculiar circumstances. At this point the hills approach the sea, and here the Crusaders evidently had a stronghold; for there are the remains of a fortress, since turned into a jail, and a fragment of a wall and archway, which may possibly date from a still more remote epoch. To this strip of land, Abdallah, one of the successors of Sheikh Omar el Zahir, transferred the population of a rebellious village, which he punished by razing their houses to the ground; and on the hill above he put a castle, while he interned the people between it and the sea by means of a wall, thus keeping them, as it were, in prison. This confinement, however, appears not to have lasted very long — possibly because it was expensive, probably also because, on the death of Abdallah, the author of the punishment, the political state of the country changed: the walls were allowed to crumble away; the garrison was removed from the castle, which is already a picturesque ruin; and the people began to forget their history, and to adapt themselves to the conditions which surrounded them.

While the seacoast town of Haifa was undergoing these vicissitudes, there lived in its immediate vicinity a group of men whose fortunes had been as varying as those of the native population, and who had clung with a pertinacity which has since rendered them celebrated throughout the world, to that sacred mountain whose venerated lanes they had appropriated at the time of the Crusades, and upon which they had built a monastery more than seven hundred years ago. Like the present town of Haifa, the existing monastery of Carmel only dates from the early part of this century; but it is none the less a picturesque feature in the landscape, and in fact forms the chief attraction to the tourist, who seldom does more than ride through Haifa, to pass the night with the Carmelite fathers.

For seven centuries has this pious foundation represented Christianity in this corner of Palestine; and yet, to judge from the slender influence it has exercised over the fortunes of the inhabitants in the past, we may fairly assume that Haifa would have remained an obscure and insignificant village to the present day, were it not that, fifteen years ago, it was selected as a fitting spot on which to plant a colony, by a body of Germans, chiefly from the kingdom of Würtemberg, who had decided, upon religious grounds, to establish themselves in Palestine.

The founder of the society, Mr. Hoffman, was a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, who had been educated at Tübingen, and was for some years director of the College of Crischna, near Basle. The rationalistic tendency of German thought, which attained its then culminating expression in the writings of Strauss, found in Mr. Hoffman an ardent opponent, and he attributed the force of the movement to the feeble barrier offered by the Church to the progress of scepticism. Mr. Hoffman was of opinion that rationalism was to be met not by doctrine but by practice, and that the inherent weakness of the Church consisted in its professing one code of morality and practising another. The anomaly of this inconsistency pressed upon him so forcibly, that he abandoned his charge at Crischna, and founded a college at Salon, near Ludwigsburg. He was shortly after elected to the Diet at Frankfurt, where he presented a petition, signed by twelve thousand persons, in favor of Church reformation.

At this time Mr. Hoffman was publishing a journal in which he elaborated the

views which were now formulating themselves in his mind, and his writings began to exercise a considerable influence in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America. The main feature of his teaching was the absolute necessity of endeavoring to embody the moral precepts of Christ in daily life, and by social reorganization to render possible a higher religious ideal than could be attained in society as at present constituted.

The deduction which he drew from the New Testament, and especially from the book of Revelation, in regard to the second coming of Christ, was that the Messiah could only appear again when a body of people had prepared themselves to receive him, by a self-sacrificing adaptation of the morality he had taught to their lives: that, in fact, the second advent depended upon somebody having tried to put into daily practice what had been taught at the first; that the spiritual temple had first to be built, and the kingdom created, before the Lord could come to reign—and that the Church was not attempting to do either the one or the other. This brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, who took another view of the manner in which the Revelation should be interpreted, and he was expelled from the Church, followed by a large gathering of those who had adopted his views, and who were thenceforth known as the "Temple Society." At a meeting of the leaders in 1867, it was determined that the headquarters of the society should be established in Palestine, as a sort of pivotal centre; about four-fifths of its members, who now numbered over five thousand persons, remaining, however, in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, there, by strenuous moral effort, to bear a witness for the new and higher life which they were struggling to realize. While it was felt that Christ's new kingdom should embrace all countries and all races, a special significance attached to the land which was to form, as it were, the cornerstone upon which the new spiritual temple was to be built; and it was to the moral and material restoration of that land, in the first instance, that the Temple Society especially addressed itself. The members believed that by setting an example of simple, honest industry to the natives; by applying themselves particularly to the cultivation of the land; by being scrupulously just in all their commercial dealings, and practising to their utmost endeavor the simple Christian virtues,—

they could not fail ultimately to make their influence felt. They entirely deprecated any attempt by preaching or dogmatizing to convert any to their views, trusting solely that their example would commend whatever of truth they might hold to those by whom they were surrounded. Animated by these sentiments, the leaders started for Constantinople in 1868, and after vainly endeavoring to procure a firman, proceeded to the coast of Syria, where, attracted by the great advantages of soil, climate, and situation, they decided to establish themselves, in the first instance, at Haifa. Here they at once set to work to purchase land and build themselves houses. Believing in the responsibilities of individual ownership, they did not share in any of the communistic views so common in these days; but as the settlers were for the most part men of humble means, with nothing but their trades to depend upon, a loan fund and savings bank were formed, a village laid out, and the work of a permanent settlement seriously entered upon. Under any circumstances the first experiences of settlers in a new home are proverbially attended with great difficulty and discomfort; but in the case of these German emigrants, the obstacles which they had to overcome were of an especially annoying and perplexing kind. Apart from the fact that they arrived ignorant of the language, methods of agriculture, and habits and customs of the native population, whose primitive and half-savage mode of life it was impossible for the new-comers to adopt, the Turkish government, strongly averse to the establishment of a foreign colony, set all its machinery in motion to frustrate the attempt. It refused to sell government land except at exorbitant prices; and in spite of the treaties existing between Turkey and foreign governments enabling foreigners to purchase land, secure titles, etc., the negotiations for the land they now occupy extended over a period of twelve years, before the titles were satisfactorily and legally completed, even in the case of purchases from private owners. Nor were they allowed during this period to pay their taxes direct to the government, but were compelled to pay them through the former Arab owners, in whose names the titles still were, and who took this opportunity of assessing them at an exorbitant rate, and putting the balance in their pockets. Since they have secured their own titles, they have discovered that for all these years they

have been paying four times as much as they need have done.

Notwithstanding the insecurity of their tenure, the injustice to which they were subjected in the matter of taxation, the permanent hostility of the government, and the local difficulties with regard to labor, supplies, etc., by which they were surrounded, they persevered, while paying dearly for their experience, and finally succeeded in struggling through the first years of their existence, their numbers meanwhile being slowly recruited from Europe and America. They were thus enabled to form three other colonies: one in the immediate vicinity of Jaffa; another called Sharon, about an hour distant from that town; and a fourth in the suburbs of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa gate. It is here that the founder of the society, Mr. Hoffman, has now taken up his residence. The united population of the four colonies is about one thousand souls; a few families are also settled at Nazareth and Beyrout. The colony at Haifa, numbering a little over three hundred, consists mostly of Germans, German-Americans, Russians, and a few Swiss. These possess seven hundred acres of land, of which one hundred are laid out in vineyards upon the slopes of Mount Carmel. Besides agriculture, the colonists have gone into trade and manufacture. They make excellent olive-oil soap, the export of which to America is yearly increasing; they have a wind grist-mill, a steam-mill is now in process of erection, and a factory for carving olive-wood. They have opened places of business in Haifa, and deal in merchandise, provisions, and dry goods. They do a good deal of business with Nazareth, now that they have got a road; and all branches of ordinary handicraft are represented in the colony. They have their own skilled physician, an architect, and engineer; while the British, American, and German vice-consulates are all held by members of the colony. Their schools are supported by a two-thirds donation from the German government, and one-third from the colonists.

If these excellent people can look back only upon struggles, privations, and hardships, they have now the satisfaction of looking round and observing the wonderful change which their presence has effected upon the neighborhood. They can point with pride to their clean, trim village, running back in two streets from the sea to the base of Carmel, with its double line of shade-trees, its neat little



gardens, and comfortable houses, looking, by contrast with the native bazaar, like some rare exotic transplanted to a foreign soil. They can look at the substantial houses which have sprung up between the colony and the town; as capital has been attracted during the last few years, they can see not only their own land, which they are constantly improving and draining, giving evidence of the care which has been bestowed upon it, and their terraced vineyards and increasing flocks, but they can see that their example is being imitated by the natives, who are adopting their better methods of agriculture. They can point to the fact that land has risen more than three times in value since their arrival; that the statistics of the port show a constantly increasing trade; and that, so far from having excited a feeling of hostility among the natives, they are universally respected, and often co-operate with them in their agricultural labors on terms of perfect harmony. All this has been the work of scarce fifteen years; and when we compare these sound, practical results with all that the Carmelites have to show, after a seven hundred years' occupation of the mountain, with all the wealth and prestige of their order and their Church behind them, we are enabled to contrast the effects of practice with those of theory, and are driven to the conclusion that a very small amount of ploughing, done from a right spirit, may be worth a good deal of baptism.

But of all the numerous benefits which the German colony has conferred upon the native population, that which has perhaps exercised the most marked influence upon them has been the construction of roads for wheeled vehicles. When they came here, such a thing as a cart of any kind was unknown in the country. Now they are extensively used by the Arabs, and their numbers are constantly increasing. To make the cart before the road seems to be a proceeding somewhat analogous to putting the cart before the horse; and yet there is a wide difference between the performances. Given a horse and cart, and a tolerably level country, your cart becomes your road-maker. You find the line of country offering the least natural obstruction, and you go along it. There is not a vestige of a road from Haifa to Acre—a distance of about ten miles—but there are omnibuses, driven by natives, running almost every hour, who take you between the two places in two hours and a half for a shilling. Sometimes the road is better than any

piece of macadamized road in the world; but sometimes it is worse,—very much worse indeed: that depends upon the tide; for in fine weather and low tide it is a continuous stretch of the smoothest and hardest sand imaginable. This is fortunate, as the omnibuses have the barest apologies for springs, though they trundle smoothly along, their wheels just touching the rippling waves, as easily as if one was driving over a damp billiard-table. When the tide is high, and we have to plough through the fine, deep sand above, it is a very different matter; or when the Kishon and the Belus, the two streams we have to cross on the way, flooded with winter rains, burst all sandy barriers and rush headlong into the sea: then the journey may be in the highest degree exciting, as the question whether they are fordable or not becomes problematical, and sometimes the passengers resort to ferry-boats, towing the swimming horses and floating omnibus after them; but these experiences are confined to certain times of the year, and usually the drive from Haifa to Acre along the edge of the waves, with the cool sea-breeze fanning one all the way, is as agreeable as can be imagined. Then there is a carriage-road to Nazareth—a distance of twenty-two miles. This had to be constructed at a cost of about £200, the whole of which expense was borne by the German colony—a fact which does not prevent the natives who contributed nothing towards it from using it freely. There is, besides, the road which, passing round the projecting promontory upon which the monastery of Carmel is situated, enters the northern end of the plain of Sharon, and extends to Cæsarea; indeed there is no reason, so far as the country is concerned, why it should not extend to Jaffa, a distance of sixty miles. One very important reason for making the cart before the road in Turkey is, that in order to make a road, you must get a concession. But as the government now refuses to grant concessions for any purpose to any one, limiting itself to taking *backsheesh* for promises, no sane individual would endeavor to get a concession to build a road; but you do not require a concession to build a cart, and having built it you can drive it at your own risk. You may possibly have to bribe a *caimakam* to permit you to remove stones or other obstacles; and you would get into serious trouble if you tried to build a bridge. But there are various unostentatious ways of opening up the country, developing its resources,

and helping the inhabitants, by which the vigilance of the government to prevent improvement of any kind may be eluded, and risk of serious penalties avoided. The most effective of all ways really to benefit the country, would be for foreigners to come to it; and the fact that Haifa has just advanced sufficiently in civilization to make it combine comfort with economy as a winter resort, points it out as the locality especially adapted for a beginning to be made in this direction. There is an excellent hotel, kept by a German, in the colony; while those who prefer it can find board and lodging at the monastery, where the fathers have accommodation for a hundred guests. For my own part, I preferred renting a house in the colony; and though it involved furnishing throughout, the undertaking proved more simple and economical than I could have imagined. Nor could any better evidence be required of the resources of the colony than the fact that I was enabled either to purchase or have made everything I required to furnish and install myself simply but comfortably in a two-storied house. Most of the colonists now speak Arabic, and among the younger members excellent servants are to be found. Mutton, veal, pork, and chickens are the principal articles of meat diet to be obtained; and the native bazaar affords a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables.

The population of Haifa has now increased to about six thousand inhabitants, and we ride or drive to it from the colony, a mile distant, between high cactus hedges. During the grain season it presents quite a busy aspect: hundreds of camels with grain from the Hauran, are at this time of the year clustered in picturesque groups under the high cactus hedge at the gate of the town, where the principal warehouses for the reception of their loads are collected. During more than half the year the harbor is seldom without one steamer; sometimes there are as many as four or five loading with barley, wheat, the maize of the country, sesame, carob-beans, and other native products, among which may be mentioned olive-oil, nuts, cheese, colocynth, and, sad to relate, charcoal. There is an express prohibition against the exportation of this article, as it is made at the expense of the remaining woods which still cover Carmel and some of the neighboring hills. It is painful to see this denudation going on when the urgent need of the country is more wood, and when it is so necessary

to prevent its further desiccation; but the most stringent enactments of the government are always to be overcome by *back-sheesh*, and the exportation of charcoal takes place openly under the eyes of the authorities. There can be no doubt, now that it has once fairly made a start, that Haifa is destined to become the most important port in Palestine. Its merits as a harbor, and its capacity for improvement, have already been pointed out in the pages of this magazine. With the vast and fertile plain of Esdraelon as a back country, across which a railroad could be constructed without difficulty to the great grain-producing district of the Hauran, and a sufficient outlay of capital on its harbor, it would be the natural outlet for the chief products of the country.

Its commercial development may be left, however, to the laws which govern trade; it has been rather to the tourist or invalid that I have sought to recommend it, than to the capitalist. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable climate during the winter months than it offers. From October to January the temperature is generally that of the finest summer weather in England. Then it begins to get a little chilly, and a fire in the evenings is a grateful addition to the natural temperature; but this is only occasionally the case during the rainy weather. The rains of Palestine have become a bugbear, because they prevent travelling in tents, and are relatively disagreeable in a country where the days are invariably fine; but the rainiest winter month here would be considered a fine summer month in England. It does not begin to get really hot till May; and the experience of the colonists, who work out in the fields in all weathers, is, that the climate of Carmel is exceptionally bracing and healthy. But its most powerful attraction is the charming excursions which may be made in the neighborhood, and the objects of interest which abound within an easy day's drive or ride, to say nothing of its own beauty of situation, and the lovely view of the Bay of Acre which it commands, the fortifications of that town glistening white in the distance, and the circling hills of Palestine, overtopped by snow-clad Hermon, changing in hue with those tender variations of atmosphere which give such an inexpressible charm to Eastern scenery. From these smooth, sandy beaches we may bathe at all times of the year without the risk of an impossible temperature; and the conchologist would find in the multitudes of shells with which they

are strewn, a never-ending interest and delight. Here are sometimes to be found the *Murex vandarus* and *Murex tremantus*, the prickly shells of the fish which, in old time, yielded the far-famed Tyrian purple. After a storm the beach is strewn with sponges, which are obtained off the coast and form an article of commerce. For those who love sport, the thickets of Carmel contain wild boar; while partridges, snipe, quail, woodcock, and the delicious francolin, are to be found in quantities at the right seasons of the year. The natives despise the freshwater fish which abound in the Kishon, Belus, and other streams; but they none the less afford fair sport to the unambitious angler who likes variety and quantity rather than quality, and condescends to a worm.

As I have already said, we can drive in three different directions,—either along the beach to Acre, or by the road to Nazareth, or round the promontory of Carmel along the plain of Sharon. Let us choose the last road, which, for the first half-hour, traverses the lands of the colony: it is one of the pleasantest, for it is smooth and stoneless till we reach the curious mound at the base of the cliff upon which the monastery is situated. It is a circular, stony tumulus about fifty feet high, washed by the sea, and the rocks bear marks of men's handiwork. Probably excavation would bring to light a ruin; but it is so covered with earth that the Arabs plough over it: it is known by them as Tel-es-Senak. The road passes between it and the base of the steep, rocky side of Carmel, which seems here almost honeycombed with caves. These are worth stopping to examine, though they look mere holes in the rock. Some of the apertures are so filled up with *débris* that an entrance is impossible; but if we lie down and peer in, we see the marks of cuttings in the rock, showing that they have been inhabited. Others are larger, and have been carved into rude doorways; and in these, again, are stone divisions, as though the occupant had made himself a stone bed. Some are cut into oblong shapes resembling sarcophagi, and suggest that they may have been used for tombs. Everywhere the steep, limestone rock bears marks of having been much inhabited: flights of steps are cut into it; square cuttings exist where solid blocks have been taken out of it. In one place there is a complete corridor behind a series of flying buttresses of rock, where flocks of goats take shelter

now. In the Crusading days Carmel must have been a perfect rabbit-warren of hermits if all these caves were occupied—and those I have so far examined certainly have been. There is, however, also a theory to the effect that they served as sentry-boxes to the Crusaders. At any rate, not a twentieth part of them have been examined, for they abound all through this limestone mountain, and here alone is occupation enough cut out for the winter resident. From the point where these first caves are situated we have a magnificent view of an unbroken line of beach for about twelve miles, and on a projecting point at its furthest extremity discern the outlines of the noble ruin of Athlit. Skirting the base of the range for half an hour more, we reach a narrow gorge, and in order to explore it, have to leave our carriage, and proceed on foot. So far the scenery has been treeless. Carmel, rugged and barren, has been on our left, and a strip of plain with the sea on our right; but here, to our surprise, pent up between the projecting flanks of the mountain, we come upon a garden of figs, olives, and pomegranates. It is not above a hundred yards across, but it wedges itself up into the mountain till it becomes a strip scarce three trees wide, and then we suddenly come upon the cause of all this fertility. Gushing from a cleft in the limestone rock is a rill of purest water, conducted into a tank about twelve feet square, hewn out of the solid rock, perhaps by the old monks, probably by men more or less holy far anterior to them; for since the time of Elijah, Carmel has been celebrated for its sacred character, and has been much affected in consequence by devotees. Among the Jews, it takes rank for sanctity immediately after Sinai, being the second most sacred mountain in the world. There is something about this solitary spot, replete with the traces of a handiwork of the remote past, which cannot fail to impress the beholder. But there are other surprises in store for him. Looking up the valley, we perceive that it seems at one time or other to have been spanned by a work of solid masonry. What remains of it projects nearly half across the chasm, and we eagerly scramble towards it. We now find ourselves traversing a smooth, white limestone surface, into which, where the ascent is steepest, steps have been cut. On one side of us is a wall of limestone, and from it project layers of petrified twigs and branches of trees. The rock at our

feet seems strewn with these stone memorials of a bygone forest, and here people who have a turn rather for fossils than for caves will have their appetite abundantly gratified. Passing beyond the overhanging masonry, we find that it forms a sort of rampart for a little plateau of earth, upon which there is another little garden about a quarter of an acre in extent, the owner of which lives in a hut at the mouth of a cave, and stares at us with astonishment. At the upper end of his little garden is another stone cistern, five or six feet square, fed from a capacious spring in the rock, which has been arched over, the whole embowered by fruit-trees, and forming a cool and most romantic retreat from the world. So, at least, thought the earliest monks, for here they erected their first monastery, one chamber of which, massively built, is still standing. I am inclined to think, however, that the solid masonry construction is of older date than the Crusades, though it may have formed part of a military as well as a monkish stronghold. There is a wild, rocky path, which I have yet to explore, leading further up the glen, by which the ridge may be traversed, and we may drop down upon the plain near Haifa on the opposite side of the mountain. The native name for this spot is Ain Siah; and according to tradition, it was on the coast opposite the gorge that the Crusading king, "Saint" Louis of France, was wrecked when the monks gave him shelter and hospitality, and in return for it he helped them at a later period to collect funds for the construction of a larger building, which was afterwards erected on the site where the present monastery now stands. Not one, probably, in a hundred tourists who visit that monastery have ever heard of, much less explored, the romantic glen, scarcely an hour's ride distant from it, whose rocky recesses gave birth to the now celebrated order of the Carmelite monks.

Emerging once more on to the plain of Sharon, and continuing southward, we presently find ourselves entering extensive olive-groves. The country we have been traversing is somewhat stony, but so fertile as to have tempted the German colony to purchase a considerable tract of land. They were, however, soon compelled to abandon the attempt to cultivate it themselves, owing to the turbulent character of the population of the village of El Tireh, to which the gardens we are now entering belong. In spite of every effort to conciliate them, it was found im-

possible to overcome their unruly and thievish propensities; and rather than risk collisions, the land has been let to Arab tenants, who cultivate it on shares. The people of El Tireh are notorious for their bad character all through the country. They are fanatical Moslems, and sufficiently wealthy, when they commit acts of depredation, to bribe the authorities to condone their offence; so they are a terror to their poorer and less influential neighbors. Their village is worth visiting, however, on account of the ruins of an old Crusading castle, now converted into a mosque, and of the numerous caverns and ancient rock-hewn cisterns with which the hillside and glens that run back into the mountain abound. I had only time to stay long enough to see that the place was worth another visit; and notwithstanding their evil reputation, I was treated with much civility by the villagers. Once more striking across the plain from the base of the range to the sea, we arrive in little more than half an hour at a low limestone ridge which separates the plain from the beach. The formation of the country here is very peculiar. The plain, which had sloped from the mountains gently towards the sea, now almost takes an opposite incline, so that the winter streams from Carmel, not finding a natural slope seaward, are apt to stagnate in marshes at the base of the range, thus rendering the country to the south of Tireh during the early summer months very feverish. As if still further to render the drainage difficult, there extends parallel with the sea, and a few hundred yards from it, a range of limestone rocks about fifty feet high, here and there rent into chasms. Skirting these, we suddenly find ourselves at an opening, apparently artificial. It is just wide enough to admit the carriage; and now we perceive the deep ruts of ancient chariot-wheels in the white rock, and examining more minutely, find holes in the entrance rocks at each side, showing that in old time this passage could be barred. For about fifty yards we traverse the narrow passage. Here and there on the sides we observe steps cut in the face of the rock, the surface of which, in all directions, bears the marks of cuttings. We emerge from this artificial cleft upon a small sandy plain, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of the ruins of Athlit, the most striking feature of which is a magnificent isolated fragment of wall, some sixty feet high. The carved blocks which formed its external casing have been partially

removed, and it looks like some grand skeleton of departed greatness. We enter the ruins by a gateway, in which there are still massive wooden doors, and perceive immediately on our right the traces of three tiers of vaults, one above another, forming possibly the foundations upon which the temple was built, of which the fragment of wall is all that remains. High up on its inner surface we see the spring of three of the arches which probably formed the support of the roof, and which rest upon corbels formed respectively of the heads of a man and a woman and a bunch of acanthus-leaves. Attracted by a hole in the rubbish at our feet, we scramble into it, and find ourselves in a dark vault, the dimensions of which a lighted lucifer-match fails to reveal; but this is only a visit of reconnaissance, so we do not waste time over it, but proceed on our exploration, enabled only to gather vague ideas as to the former shape and aspect of these massive ruins; for they have been built over by the squalid group of peasantry who have made them their home, and whose huts, nestling into them in every direction, render examination difficult. Then they have for centuries served as a quarry, from which ready-cut blocks of stone could be taken away to build the fortifications of Acre, or construct mosques or public buildings in the towns on the coast. No doubt all that was finest in the shape of columns or stone-carving has long since been removed, but from the fragments that remain we are enabled to form some idea of the past grandeur of the place. Situated on a projecting promontory, washed on three sides by the sea, Athlit was protected by a sea-wall, the massive fragments of which still remain, and which has evidently succumbed to the ravages, not of the ocean, but of man. On the occasion of my visit there was a heavy sea rolling, and the effect was inexpressibly grand. I stood on the edge of the ruin, some fifty feet above the rocks, and watched the breakers swirling over them, and dashing themselves upon the ancient masonry, through the base of which here and there breaches have been made, leaving the upper part of the wall intact, thus forming rude archways through which the breakers swept into the base of the cliff. Following round to the southern side, I again entered a vault, this time sufficiently lighted by apertures to allow me to perceive that it was about one hundred and twenty yards in length, thirty feet in breadth, and about the same in height. The natives

used it for storing their grain. Altogether I know of no more impressive ruin to the west of the Jordan than Athlit, though it is scarcely ever visited by travellers — probably because no Biblical association attaches to it, and because it, of course, does not compare with the ruins to the east of the Jordan, and with those of other parts of Syria outside of Palestine. The earliest mention of Athlit, so far as I have been able to discover, is in the Talmud and Midrash, where it is called by the name of "Better" (it is known among the Arabs to this day as "Bitter"), in connection with the historical record of that remarkable revolt undertaken by the Jews against the Romans in the year A.D. 130, under the leadership of Simon, surnamed Barcochebas, "son of the star," who was recognized by the celebrated Rabbi ben Akiba as the Messiah, and who succeeded in wresting from the Roman rule a large portion of the ancient Jewish kingdom, and in maintaining his independence during three years and a half. Better was one of the principal strongholds of this short-lived struggle, and is celebrated in Jewish literature as the last spot upon which Jewish national independence was maintained. There can be no doubt, therefore, that prior to this period it was a Roman city of some importance.

It was destined once again to play a prominent part in the history of the country. It became celebrated during the Crusades under the name of *Castellum Peregrinorum*, or the *Château des Pèlerins*. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it bore the name of *Petra Incisa*, probably owing to the rock-cut passage to it, which I have already described. In 1218, the Templars restored the castle and constituted it the chief seat of their order, on which occasion it is recorded that they "found a number of strange unknown coins" — possibly a currency used by Barcochebas. At this time the castle was regarded as an outwork of Acre, which was the chief Crusading stronghold. In 1220 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Muazzam, sultan of Egypt, and it was only abandoned by the Crusaders in 1291 because Acre had been taken, and it remained the only spot still held by the Christians in the country. It has thus had the curious privilege of having been the last Jewish and the last Christian possession in Palestine.

If we have started from Haifa early enough, and not lingered too long on the way, we have still time to reach Tantura,



the Biblical Dor, see what there is to be seen, and get home comfortably to dinner. Following the coast-road for five miles more, and passing the obscure ruins of Hadara and Kefr Lam, we observe to the right, standing alone on the seashore about half a mile to the north of the town, another lofty, isolated fragment of wall, that from a distance somewhat resembles a lighthouse, but which now turns out to be all that remains of an ancient castle, whose substructures date from a period anterior to the Middle Ages. The limestone range which we have remarked at Athlit continues to cut off the plain from the sea, and in it are caverns, while near Tantura it is covered with the shapeless ruins of an ancient town. This was probably the part occupied by the Jews, who, we are told in the Bible, were unable to completely drive the Canaanites out of the place, but compelled them to pay tribute while they occupied the upper portion of the town. In former times there must have been a good harbor at Tantura, formed by a chain of rocky islets, upon which are the remains of the old seawall, while their sides are hollowed by caverns. Even now, when the breakers are not too high to prevent the coasting craft from running through, they find here a secure shelter; and there is an attempt at trade on a small scale. But the inhabitants, like those of Tireh, have a doubtful reputation; and though they entertained me hospitably, I met some years ago a party of tourists at Jerusalem who had been robbed by them.

Classical authors mention Dor as having been a Phœnician colony. During the wars of the Diadochi, it was besieged and partly destroyed; but the town and harbor were subsequently restored by Gabinius, a Roman general. It must at one time have been a handsome city; for we read that in the time of St. Jerome its ruins were still a subject of admiration. There is a marsh near, where a friend who accompanied me had last year killed a wild boar; and a little below it, a stream which is carried through the limestone ridge by an artificial cutting, and spanned by an old Roman single-arched bridge in good preservation. Below this it expands into a deep, narrow, very sluggish stream, known as the Crocodile River. My friend assured me that the existence of crocodiles is no myth, for he had himself seen the carcass of one not long since, which had been killed by the natives. The Arab tradition as to the origin of these animals in the river is, that there was

once a quarrel between two brothers whose properties were divided by the stream, and that one was more powerful than the other, and constantly threatening to annex his property, on which the latter applied to an influential friend in Egypt for help. His friend replied that he was unable to come himself, but sent him instead a brace of crocodiles to put into the dividing river; and by this simple means he succeeded in protecting his property ever after. I found a very good English-built boat submerged in this stream, and on inquiry was informed that the irrepressible British tourist had contrived to get it here, expressly for the purpose of hunting crocodiles; but I could hear nothing as to his success. The river falls into a large lagoon, which is separated from the sea by a low beach, over which the waves break in a storm. These lagoons extend more or less to Cæsarea; but this would be beyond the limits of a day's excursion from Haifa. There is, however, a spot in the neighborhood which has recently become interesting, not from its ancient remains — though these exist — so much as from the experiment which is now being attempted by the Central Committee of Roumania, who have chosen it as the site for a Jewish agricultural colony. It is distant about three miles from the sea, and is about four hundred feet above it, on one of the lower spurs of the Carmel range. As the settlers are only just getting into the Arab huts as their first year's lodgings, and as they have not yet begun to cultivate, it is too early to judge of the probable chances of success. Indeed the obstacles thrown in the way by the government threaten to make it almost impossible for them, unless assisted by foreign influence, even to establish themselves permanently on the land of which they are not permitted to become owners, but where, at present, it is proposed to place them as laborers of a foreign proprietor. From the top of the highest hill of this property, which I visited, a magnificent view is obtained southward over the plain of Sharon as far as Cæsarea, and eastward over the high wooded and undulating slopes, characterized by Captain Conder, who has done so much excellent work in the exploration of Palestine, as the most available country for colonization, and known by the natives as "the breezy land;" behind which, still further east and north, rise the higher mountains of Palestine, with the rounded summit of Tabor, backed by snow-clad Hermon in the extreme north-east, while immediately

to the north the Carmel range shuts in the view. The more one explores the hills and valleys of all this neighborhood, the more impressed does one become with the numerous traces which abound of the dense population which must at one time have inhabited all this country. Everywhere among the rocks we come upon steps, or grooves, or cuttings, or other evidences of man's handiwork. Here at this hamlet of Summarin my attention was drawn to the ruts in the limestone formed by chariot-wheels, and I found that they led to the remains of what had once been a town. There were the foundations of the old walls; and at one place the three sides of what had once been a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Each side contained rows of niches two inches apart — each niche being about a foot high, six inches across, and six inches deep. On the most perfect side there were six rows, each row containing eighteen niches, and they were continued probably below the *debris*, which had partially filled in the flooring. I could only imagine them to have served as receptacles for cinerary urns. The peasantry still occupied the little hamlet, which was now to become partly tenanted by the Roumanian Jews, of whom half a dozen were present at the time of my visit, contrasting strangely in their long *caftans* and curled locks with the swarthy *fellahin*, whose copartners in cultivation they were to be during the early stage of the settlement. The latter showed a considerable repugnance to the prospect of this description of co-operation — not at all upon religious, but upon purely economic grounds. Practically they saw that they were to be the teachers and the Jews the pupils, and they wished this fact to be taken into consideration in the future division of profits. They made high demands in consequence; and as it is not in the Jewish nature to submit to high demands, there was a good deal of warm discussion on the subject. They looked at the weak, *chétif* physiques of these immigrants, fresh from the Ghetto of some Roumanian town, with a not unnatural suspicion of their powers of endurance, and indeed it required an effort of imagination to picture them running their furrows at the tail of a plough. However, it is a good sign for the nation that their hearts should be so set upon developing a capacity for agricultural pursuits, and it is one which all well-wishers to the land and its former people, would do well to encourage and aid to their utmost. One

of the *fellahin*, seeing my interest in ruins and topographical curiosities, led me to the head of a valley, where he said there was a mysterious rock with a hole in it, where the roaring of a mighty river might be heard. The aperture was a crack in the table-rock of limestone, about three inches by two; its sides were worn smooth by listeners who had placed their ears upon it from time immemorial. On following the example of the thousands who had probably preceded me, I was saluted by a strong draught of air, which rushed upwards from unknown depths, and heard to my surprise the mighty, roaring sound that had given the rock its mystical reputation; but I felt at once that no subterranean river large enough to produce the rushing of such a torrent, was likely, for physical reasons, to exist in this locality, for the noise was that of a distant Niagara. I was puzzled till I ascended a neighboring hill, where the roar of the sea was distinctly audible; and I am therefore disposed to think that the fissure must have led to a cave on the seashore, from which the sound is conducted, as by a whispering gallery, to this point, distant from it about three miles. There was a fine plateau of arable land on this property, while some of the hill-sides were fairly wooded, and others covered with a thick under-brush, in which are to be found wild-cats, gluttons, porcupines, and other animals. The natives, however, were highly excited, because they had killed the previous day an animal which they all declared they had never seen before. They had attempted to skin it, but had been unable to do so, on account of its odor. On inspecting the carcass, I found to my surprise that it was a fine specimen of what appeared to be an ordinary American skunk, — an animal with which I have unfortunately had reason to be too well acquainted for it to be easy for me to be mistaken in its identity. But if naturalists, who are wiser than I am, deny the possibility of the existence of these animals in Asia, then they have, at all events, far nearer relations in the Old World than I imagined. Had he been alive, and favored me with a whiff, all doubts would have been at an end. The testimony of the natives was that they had never smelt such a smell before.

From Summarin, we may, if we like, cross the hills, drop into the plain of Esdraelon, and still reach Haifa the same night; but the excursion is rather too long to be made comfortably in one day, as there are many interesting spots to be

visited. I have dwelt upon it at some length, merely as a specimen of what is done in the neighborhood of Carmel. As for the mountain itself, it is a ten-mile ride along the backbone of the range from one end to the other, at an altitude varying from twelve to eighteen hundred feet above the sea, intersected by numerous gorges and ravines, all which require exploring, and in regard to which I hope, at some future time, to have something to say. Besides which, there is a romantic mountainous country away to the north-east, where, in spite of the exhaustive survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund, a good deal of interesting work remains to be done; and for this no better central position could be found than Haifa.

A visit to Palestine hitherto has always been inseparably connected in the mind of the traveller with tent-life; and this involves either a very expensive outlay, with all the paraphernalia of a dragoman and his caravan of mules, and extortionate charges, or it means travelling over a certain route fixed by Cook, at £1 5s. a day, with a miscellaneous herd of tourists. A winter residence at Haifa can be arranged for a much lower sum; and provided the visitor is satisfied with such excursions as I have indicated — not involving more than one night away from home, and therefore rendering a tent equipage unnecessary — he will find plenty of interesting exploration. It is always possible to rough it with native accommodation for one night, so that a dragoman and his caravan may be dispensed with. A servant, who speaks a little of some tongue besides Arabic, to cook and interpret, mounted on another animal, and carrying some bedding, food, and a change of clothes, is all the caravan required. Those, however, who do not like roughing it, or care for exploring at a distance, will have riding, driving, bathing, and shooting to their hearts' content without spending a night away from a house furnished with all the ordinary comforts of civilization, in the midst of an honest, industrious, and simple community of Germans, whose work deserves the countenance and encouragement of all who have the welfare of the country they are laboring to benefit at heart. And it ought surely to be no little satisfaction to those in search of health or amusement, to feel that in choosing Haifa as their winter resort, they are contributing indirectly to the prosperity and development of a country to whose restoration so many sacred promises are attached. Haifa may

be reached by the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, which touch there once a fortnight, either from Beyrout or from Alexandria. Letters, however, arrive by the land-post every week; and there can be no doubt that if sufficient inducement offered, the Messagerie and Russian boats, which pass it every week on their way from Beyrout to Jaffa and Egypt, would call here. Besides which, the commercial lines of Moss and Ball occasionally look in, and would do so regularly with a very little more encouragement. It depends upon the public to remedy its present comparative isolation, which, however, to many may prove rather an attraction than a drawback.

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From Temple Bar.

MISS AUSTEN.

"HAD Miss Austen felt more deeply, she would have written differently."

These words in a recent number of *Temple Bar* are the reason why this paper is written. They are, in whatever point of view we look at them, very wide of the truth, and are not the only error their author has fallen into, nor is he the only person who thus misjudges her. It is, notwithstanding all the praise bestowed, becoming the fashion to accuse her of being shallow and cold-hearted, and her heroines of being prudish; and undoubtedly there is not to be found in her novels those highly spiced love-scenes with which we are all so familiar, but which, while requiring little genius to write, only deprave the taste and imagination of the reader.

Without exaggeration, it may be said that on few other female writers has such an amount of study, criticism, and praise been bestowed as on Jane Austen. Others, notably Miss Burney, enjoyed far more fame during their lives. They sowed one week and they reaped the next; admiring crowds followed them, and their name was in everybody's mouth. They were the lions of their day and enjoyed their own lionhood. But she never knew that she was a lion, and lived and died scarcely more widely known than Cowper's old woman, who "never was heard of half a mile from home." And now her name and the praise of her works is forever cropping up in the most unlikely places, and her admirers and readers are innumerable, ranging from Cardinal Newman (nay, it would not astonish us to find

the pope himself amongst the number) to the young Hindus in the college at Calcutta. And yet there is no modern writer of equal fame of whom the public knows so little. The blank of her life in some sort impairs the interest of her books, and so far is, and has been, an injury to her fame. That blank is mainly owing to her own nearest relations. They did not perceive that genius must always, *bon gré, mal gré*, lift its possessor out of the class of private individuals, and more or less deprive them of the shelter, as it does of the obscurity, of private life. The more rare and excellent the genius, the more interesting to the public is the character of its possessor and the incidents of his or her life. Fame cannot be separated from publicity, and those who secure it do not often wish that it should be; but now and then it comes to those who have never sought it, and to whose modesty and reserve it is really painful. To Jane Austen it would have been a heavy penalty to pay for the delights of authorship; and her family, though no doubt rejoicing in the growing success of her writings, desired nothing better than to keep her exclusively to themselves. She was their own, "their dear Aunt Jane." "The public," they said, "have her books; with her private life they have no concern," and they could not see any reason why the world should want to know what manner of woman it was who had supplied it with such an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Nor was this feeling of jealousy, for such it was, the principal one which has made the materials so scanty out of which to construct her memoirs. With all the playful frankness of her manner, her sweet, sunny temper and enthusiastic nature, Jane Austen was a woman most reticent as to her own deepest and holiest feelings; and her sister Cassandra would have thought she was sinning against that delicacy and reserve had she left behind her any record of them. To destroy every trace of everything that Jane would never have had revealed, was in her eyes a sacred duty. That, on the contrary, it was her duty to the public to preserve whatever could throw any light on her sister's life and character never occurred to her.

To strengthen her hold on the world and deepen and prolong her fame by leaving some record of her, which might have enabled those who read it to appreciate the charms and sweetness which made her so dear to all who knew her, was apparently the last thing Cassandra would have

desired to do, for it was her fear, not her hope, that some day a life would be written, and her desire was to leave nothing behind her which could help or tempt anybody to undertake it. Was she right or wrong? We feel ourselves aggrieved that we have lost so much, but if Jane Austen had been asked, she would undoubtedly have approved of her sister's conduct. We cannot therefore condemn it. Surely people, even geniuses, have a right to keep their lives hidden if they shrink from fame, and their relations a right to respect such a wish, even though it injures, as it must often do, the permanence of the renown. But the destruction of Miss Austen's letters has we think hurt, not so much her literary fame, as the loveliness of her character as shown to us. This her family could not have foreseen, and would not have desired. It could not have been their wish that she should be esteemed, by any of her readers and critics, hard and shallow-hearted. Let us try to remedy this injustice. We think a careful study of such scraps as have come down to us will show that the manner of her writing certainly did not arise from any such cause. But first we must observe that it is incorrect to say that she had "only her own taste to guide her." From her earliest youth she had the help and guidance of a father and mother much above the average in point of ability, and the companionship of brothers almost all of whom were clever and scholarly. Her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, who gave us the very pleasant recollections and memoir published a few years ago, says that her father was so good a scholar that he could himself prepare his sons for the university, and was able to increase his income by taking pupils; and that in her "mother was to be found the germ of that ability which was concentrated in Jane, but of which almost all of her children had a share." The boys were all brought up at home, until they went out into the world, no small advantage to their sisters, who, if they did not share the teaching, must often have heard it, and have listened to grammatical instructions, which though primarily concerning Latin and Greek, could not but influence their own language.

Bad grammar Jane Austen never heard spoken, and if she ever fell into it in her juvenile writings, she would have been corrected and set right. The home conversation was rich in shrewd remarks, bright with playfulness and humor, and occasional flashes of wit. There was no

slang in those days, and none of that æsthetic cant, which is now such a nuisance that it is enough to make one forswear everything in the shape of art. If instead of studying Ruskin, people who mean to write would only study Bishop Lowth's or some other English grammar, what a blessing it would be to their readers! To speak and write their own language correctly, was a hundred years ago the distinguishing mark of the gentleman and lady. Grammatical lapses would never have been permitted to either the tongues or the pens of Cassandra and Jane Austen. Their "thats" and their "whiches," their "whos" and their "whoms," always stand in their right places. Such a vulgarism "as like I do," and the habitual use of that adjective of comparison as an adverb, now so common, would never have escaped their lips, nor would they have fallen into the last and worst vulgarism of these evil days, and intruded the adverb between the infinitive mood and its sign.

Jane Austen's mother, Cassandra Leigh, was a woman who could express herself equally well either in prose or in rhyme, the rhyme being nothing but the playful expression of good sense, strung together as she sat at her work or lay on her sofa in the midst of the family circle — impromptu for the most part, and making no pretensions to poetry either of thought or feeling, but often containing some sparkle of humor, and often bright with some hearty, homely kindness, such as shines in many of her letters. They were generally called forth by some of the nonsense of the moment, or by some trifling incident, as when Jane, who inherited this gift from her mother, as she did that of being a beautiful needlewoman, standing in one of the windows of Godmersham waiting the arrival there of her brother Frank and his newly married wife, amused the impatience of the little nephews and nieces watching with her, by a poetical account of the bride and bridegroom's journey from Canterbury, the places they passed through, the drive through the park, and the arrival at last at the house.

Cassandra Leigh was a well-educated woman and a thorough lady, though she sat darning the family stockings in a parlor into which the front door opened. She loved all country things, and had a vigorous nature and a contented mind that kept her young and cheerful in spirit until extreme old age. She was an excellent letter-writer, and several of her letters

have been preserved. Here is one written in early youth, just before she was married, which has in it a certain quaint and pretty formality that reminds one of Harriet Byron and Sir Charles Grandison. We feel the care with which it was composed, and are almost sure that more than one copy was written before the writer was satisfied with the turn of her sentences. It was addressed to a gentleman who was a near connection and old neighbor, but not a relation. Had there been any love passages between them, unsuccessful on his side? If so, it would account for the young lady writing and not her mother, on whom the duty would have more naturally devolved.

"Permit me, dear Mr. P——, to appear in the list of your congratulatory friends, for not one of them I am certain can feel more real joy on the occasion than myself. In any instance of your good fortune I should have rejoiced, but I am infinitely happy to know you the Rector of F——, as I well remember to have heard you wish for that appellation, at a time when there was little probability of our living to see the day. May every wish of your heart meet with the same success, may every blessing attend you, for no one more deserves to be blessed; and as the greatest felicity on earth, may you soon be happy in the possession of some fair one, who must be one of the very best of her sex or she will not merit the good fortune that awaits her. If her heart be as full of love and tenderness towards you as mine is of esteem and friendship, you will have no cause to complain, but will find yourself as completely happy in that respect as you are sincerely wished in every other, by your very affectionate and infinitely obliged, Cassandra Leigh."

Fifty years afterwards she wrote in a very different style, with an ease and freshness and kindness which constitute some of the greatest charms that any letters can have. The following were addressed to one of her granddaughters, the only child by his first wife of the Rev. James Austen. She was engaged to be married to the youngest son of that Mrs. Lefroy mentioned in the "Memoirs" as having been much loved and greatly mourned by Jane Austen.

"For the last three or four weeks I have had a weakness in my eyes, and it is lucky for you it did not come sooner, as I could not now be making dressing-gowns, pockets, and petticoats for any bride expectant." She was a good bit



past seventy when she was doing all this fine work.

"We have the promise of a very good crop of small fruit: even your gooseberry-tree is doing better than heretofore. When the fruit is ripe I shall sit on my bench and eat it and think of you, though I can do that without the assistance of ripe gooseberries. Indeed, my dear Anna, there is nobody I think of oftener, and very few I love better."

These were the days of what Mr. Selby would have called "hugger-mugger weddings, only fit for doubtful happiness," and Anna Austen's was even more quiet, not to say dismal, than most. "A very pitiful business," like Emma Woodhouse's, "with very little white satin, and no white lace."

A month after the marriage, Mrs Austen wrote to her in her new home.

"I am to send to you the kind congratulations of your cousin, Mrs. C—. Your aunt Jane says they ought to have been transmitted to you long ago, but I hope they will be equally acceptable, and the good wishes equally efficacious now, as at some future period. Last week I received from Southampton, with Mr. and Mrs. W. Austen's kind regards, a nice piece of bride-cake just like yours; but their wedding was a much grander affair. Ten couples walked to church (they had not far to walk, you know), entirely composed of near relations — the bride's father, mother, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, and two of the bridegroom's brothers. . . . If you have seen Westminster Abbey, I hope it has afforded you as much pleasure — pleasure of a particular sort — as it always did me, and I believe I have seen it three times. I have just finished 'Waverley,' which has given me more entertainment than any modern production of the novel kind — Aunt Jane's excepted — that I have read for a long time. Your aunts set off to-morrow for Winchester, and from thence they go to Steventon for a week. I hope to see them again on January the 14th. Aunt Jane desires me to tell you, with her love, that she has heard some bad news lately, namely, that Mr. Crabbe is going to be married. My correspondents must for the future put up with short letters, for my eyes will not permit me to write long ones, but however weak my eyes may be, my affection for you is as strong as ever. God bless you, my dear A."

The "Mr. Crabbe" was the poet whose writings Jane Austen admired so much that she used playfully to declare that

when she married he should be her husband.

But it was not only her excellent English Jane Austen owed to the influence of her father and mother and brothers. To her family she was indebted for that high estimation of her countrymen, which enabled her to feel that her heroes were "very inferior to what she knew English gentlemen often were." Her brothers were men of whom any sister would have been proud, and who shone in their own homes. Kindly affectioned they were one towards the other, and as sons most attentive, and generous to the verge of imprudence. At the father's death, the mother and sisters were left in what must be called straitened circumstances, for he had no private fortune, and his wife but a small one. So narrow were their means that they had for a short time to live in lodgings. "One hundred and forty pounds a year," Mrs. Austen wrote to her wealthy sister-in-law from her comfortable home at Chawton, "is the whole of my own income. My good sons have done all the rest."

We are told that neither in Miss Austen's letters nor her books do we find any traces of a spirit ill at ease and restless, and dissatisfied with its lot, and it is therefore inferred that she had never had any "serious attachment," or met with any disappointment. If by disappointment be meant the having loved without meeting any return, that is undoubtedly true. No such trouble befell her. But does the absence of restlessness and discontent imply that no "serious attachment" has ever been felt? What if the love have ended in the grave? May there not be so perfect an acceptance and submission to the sorrow, such a power of living on the hope of the future, as would maintain the heart in a peace deeper than even happiness can give? Now and then is it not possible that love may survive the death of its object without creating either melancholy or restlessness? Free from all the anxiety of hope, may it not live on in the heart, where there is the steadfastness of will so to resolve, without impairing the cheerfulness of the temper or the playfulness of the mind?

Jane Austen could indeed draw "the pangs of disappointed love," and certainly knew "they were curable." And truly she must have been a fool to suppose otherwise in the vast majority of cases, but when she painted Marianne Dashwood's misery she was not describing any suffering the like of which she had her

self endured, and still less in drawing Harriet Smith was she giving us any picture of her own finer nature.

Of the romance of her life, owing to the care with which her sister destroyed all record of it, and to the silence in which she buried it, we know very little, and a precise date cannot be fixed; but from some memoranda recently come to light it is almost certain that it happened between the years 1797 and 1800. The latter date would make Jane five-and-twenty. Cassandra was two years older, and already engaged to a young clergyman, who had gone out to the West Indies as chaplain to the forces.

The village of Steventon lies about half a mile from the great western road from London to Exeter, and about six from Basingstoke. Just where the lane turned off from the turnpike there stood a small public-house, where the coaches stopped before mounting the next hill to water their horses and to pick up parcels and letters, and, occasionally, passengers. Here it was, no doubt, one summer's morning that Mr. and Mrs. Austen and their daughters set off on their memorable tour into South Devon. They moved from place to place, halting at each a short time; but there is no record of where they went. It was in one of these halts that they made the acquaintance of two brothers, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman. The latter fell in love with Jane Austen, as others had vainly done before. But he was so charming that he won her heart—and not only so, but such were his gifts of person and manner that even Cassandra, highly as she rated her sister, allowed he was worthy of her; and when in after-years she once spoke of him, did so as something quite exceptionally captivating and excellent. How the acquaintance was made we do not know. It might have been that Mrs. Austen, whose health was not good at this time, needed medical advice and called in the doctor, and the acquaintance with one brother led naturally to that of the other. But this is only conjecture. The clergyman was himself only a visitor in the place, as were they. However the introduction was effected, they could not have been long together. A week, or a fortnight at most, had seen the beginning and the end of the acquaintance. But brevity as to time does not always prove that the regard is only slight and fleeting. Two people staying in the same house for three or four days may have as much intercourse

and come to know each other as well, or better, than they would have done in as many years if living half a dozen miles apart. And thus a few long summer days spent together in sight-seeing or in admiring the same lovely views, and the daily meetings, which a very little exertion on the gentleman's side must have been able to secure, might have given time not only for love to arise, but to have struck its roots deeply into the heart. Jane Austen so delighted in beautiful scenery that she thought it would form one of the joys of heaven. Was it because it was in her mind associated with this sweetest summer of her life?

When the day came for their moving on, the gentleman asked for permission to join them again at some farther point of their travels, and the permission was given. What time elapsed we do not know, but when they reached the place at which they were to meet, they received a letter from his brother announcing his death. No tidings of previous illness could have reached them to soften the shock. The hard, pitiless fact is all we know. Of her suffering no word has reached us, but we do know that her sister so cherished his memory that many years afterwards, when an elderly woman, she took a good deal of trouble only to see again the brother of the man who had been so dear to Jane—surely proof enough of how dear he had been to her, and how mourned! Two facts also point to the same conclusion. Jane Austen never married, though she was solicited to do so, and from 1798 until 1810 there fell on her a strange, long silence. She wrote nothing for twelve years. Somewhere in 1804 she began "The Watsons," but her father died early in 1805, and it was never finished. Nearly at the same time as this grievous blow fell on her, a similar sorrow fell also on her sister. The young clergyman to whom she was engaged died of yellow fever in the West Indies. He had been one of her father's pupils, and she must therefore have known him from childhood and the attachment have been the growth of many years; but scarcely more is known of this story than the other.

United in the closest and tenderest affection, Cassandra's sorrow could have been scarcely less to Jane than her own, or Jane's to Cassandra. To each other their griefs were confided, and to each other alone.

Is it not much more probable that this double affliction was the cause of Jane

Austen's long silence, than that she who had been writing ever since she was sixteen, or indeed ever since she could hold a pen, should have lost both power and inclination because a single publisher had rejected "Pride and Prejudice"? She had written, as all true genius does, as the bird sings, because she must, neither for fame nor for money; and it is not *one* disappointment which would have stopped her. To write was a necessity of her nature, and nature is only suddenly changed by some sudden shock. The blow must have paralyzed her imagination. The sweet temper, and the cheerfulness and even playfulness of manner might have hidden the change from all save her sister, but the inclination to write was gone. She who at three-and-twenty had produced "Lady Susan," "Northanger Abbey," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Pride and Prejudice," during what should have been the finest and most productive years of her life wrote nothing! excepting the fragment which, as it seems to us, her father's death made her lay aside. Had her feelings only been skin-deep, how much more might she not have given to the world! What a loss the tenacity of her affections has been! But if a happier end had been granted to her love, perhaps in the wife and the mother the genius would have disappeared altogether. It is impossible not to grieve over the destruction of the letters which would have given us a better insight into so true and lovely a spirit as hers. We *are* the richer for her genius, but we might have been enriched also by the posthumous companionship with a heart of such rare sweetness and strength that it would have exalted our standard, not only of the capacity of feeling in feminine nature, but in all humanity.

As far as the letters to her sister are concerned, we may say that not one has been preserved in which there is the smallest allusion to this part of their lives, nay, not one, as far as we know, that could give us any insight into her religious feelings and graver thoughts. What are left are so few that it would almost seem as if the family had agreed together to destroy them. The best we have are those written during the last years of her life to her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, and his sisters. In them we catch some glimpses of her true nature, and can see her warm heart shining through the humor and the playfulness. We find some traces of her patient, submissive spirit in a few words she wrote

concerning a great family trouble, "But this is too nearly bordering on complaint. It is God's ordering, however second causes may have worked;" something of her humility when she described herself as "unworthy of the love shown her;" and we have one precious vision of her grateful and tender heart in her last mention of her sister and family, "As to what I owe her, and the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it and pray God to bless them more and more."

In her novels, although she makes us feel both in Fanny Price and in Anne Elliot that their goodness is not merely natural sweetness, she never says a word about religion. She seems to have kept her own graver thoughts entirely apart from her writing, and never to have mixed up her personal feelings with her stories. Many writers might have found consolation in confiding their sorrows to the public, and describing their own sufferings under the disguise of those of their heroines, and perhaps have healed their broken hearts by thus working out in words their private griefs. But Jane Austen's reticence made any such relief to her impossible. Once only her true heart slipped into her pen when she wrote that most touching conversation between Anne Elliot and Captain Harville.

"Oh!" cried Anne eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by women. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance so long as, if I may be allowed the expression, so long as you have an object—I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (and it is not a very enviable one—you need not covet it), is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone." She could not have immediately uttered another sentence; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

The ring of deep and true feeling makes these words beautiful, even in the ears of those who know nothing of the private history of the writer; but read by the light of her own romantic story, how pathetic they grow! How impossible it seems that they should have been anything less than the very truth from her own heart!

Is it true that, had she felt more deeply, she would have written differently? Is

such deathless love as she claims for woman-kind to be described as shallow? Passionate indeed it need not be, but deep it must, or the accumulating dust of daily life would speedily dry it up. Why should she be accused of a cold heart because she had no delight in dwelling on suffering and on the dark and evil side of human nature? To her, vice was a "hateful subject." That her genius was not tragic *is* true, and perhaps it is true that to have a tragic genius you must have the capacity of passionate feeling, but passion is not necessarily deep, and much less is it long-lived. It can sometimes clothe itself in words so eloquent as to stir the hearts of others, though eloquence is more often an intellectual gift of so speaking as to simulate it, and genuine passion more commonly finds its vent in broken sentences and disjointed words. Even at seventeen, Jane Austen had discovered that deep feeling did not usually express itself in rounded periods and well-chosen phrases. The power of being tragic, of moving people to tears, is not a very uncommon one, but the books that break our hearts are the books we scarcely care to read a second time. It is Shakespeare's humor and wit that have made his sayings household words. If his tragedies were swept away, as long as his fools remained he would still be immortal; and we look to Jane Austen's fools, whether men or women, to give her, if anything can, a permanent place in English literature.

The accusation of shallowness both in her own character and in her writings, is not the only one brought against her and them. She and they are called prudish and hard, and no doubt the suppression of her personal history has left a certain hardness in the outline of her character as represented in her writings; but sufficient allowance is not made for the difference between the fashions and manners of her day and of ours. Think of the change in dress and paraphernalia. We cannot take up a novel, even one of those written by men, without page upon page of descriptions, not only of the faces and figures of their heroes and heroines, but of the country in which they lived, the roads they trod, their parks and gardens, their houses, rooms, and furniture, their dresses to the minutest particulars, their dogs, their horses, and their very meals. In this they are not untrue to the times. The externals of life never occupied so large a share of care and thought as they do now. There was nothing in the rooms in which our grandfathers and

grandmothers lived to tempt them to describe them. We should call them bare and homely, and, like the dress of the period, wanting in taste. And in that matter of dress, what a change there is! Nowadays, to deck herself out to the best of her ability, is considered every young lady's duty, and the love of fine clothes meritorious; they are all quite ready to answer Dr. Watts's question by affirming that whatever garments were first made for, they are now become a vehicle for the display of art and refinement of mind, and are promoted to be one of the serious occupations of life. Some of our authoresses even seem to take as great a delight in dressing their heroines as in their own adornment, and think they add to the charms of the former by painting the care with which they array themselves; and if it be true as Countess Harborton asserts, that it affords a man as keen a delight to see his wife and daughters decked out in costly and fashionable garments as it ever afforded any woman to wear them, no doubt they are right. But what a change has come over the world since Jane Austen wrote! She declared that "man only could be aware of the insensibility of man to a new gown, and that woman was fine for her own satisfaction alone."

In her heroines there is no trace of any love of dress, or taste for millinery. In this they resembled herself and her sister, who, if not entirely without it, kept it under strict control.

In her eyes such a love was a vulgarity, only to be found in vain, pretentious, second-rate women, like Mrs. Elton and Isabella Thorpe, or in a very foolish one, like Mrs. Allen. Of the dresses of her heroines, with the exception of the glossy spots on Fanny Price's gown, we hear nothing, nor does she strive by elaborate description to set them personally before us, and apparently they had no tricks. They do not hunch up their shoulders, or arch their eyebrows, or pout their lips, she never strives to give them reality by such trivialities. In manner, also, the change between those days and these is as great as in the matter of clothes, and here the change does no doubt give an appearance of coldness. It is not feeling, but the expression of feeling which has altered. If we do not wear our hearts on our sleeves, we seem to keep them on our lips, much more than formerly. Family affection was as strong then as now, but there was much more reticence in the expression of it, whether between parents and children or brothers and sisters. It

is not only that nicknames were not in fashion, but "loves, dears, and darlings" were much less plentifully used. People were called by their Christian names, which are now sometimes so entirely laid aside that when a young lady is married it is necessary to attach the better known sobriquet to the announcement, lest her friends should not recognize it as hers. When Jane Austen's heroines are described as prudish because they abstain from throwing themselves into their lovers' arms, or rather because the love-making is left to the imagination of the reader, it should be remembered that as sisters they are equally self-restrained. Dear as Jane is to Lizzie in "Pride and Prejudice" she is to her Jane and Jane only — and Elinor and Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility," who would in these days have certainly been Nellie and Minnie, are contented with their own unabbreviated names, without any prefix of affection. The only person she paints as addicted to the use of exaggerated terms of endearment is Isabella Thorpe, who talks of her "dearest sweetest Catherine," without having any real regard for her, or for any one else save herself.

Miss Austen and her sister had no pet names for each other, unless her occasional shortening of Cassandra into "Cass" could be so termed, but to Cassandra she was never anything but "Jane," and no doubt had given the word "such reality of sweetness" that no other could have described her.

The loss of Jane Austen's letters is all the greater, because only a very imperfect understanding of her character can be gathered from her books, for she is the least egotistical of writers. Would any one suppose from them that her delight in natural scenery was as intense as we know it was, or would any one imagine from them her love for children, her pleasure in playing with them, and the trouble she would take for their amusement? We should almost conclude that she did not like them; but her nephews and nieces knew better. No one but her sister could have done her full justice. In addition to the natural affections which in their case were very strong, they were wedded to each other by the resemblance of their circumstances, and in truth there was an exclusiveness in their love such as usually only exists between husband and wife. Their full opinions and feelings were known only to each. They alone knew the sorrows of their own hearts, and to

each other only was known the road by which their cheerful submission and contentment was attained. Each had their own especial friends, whose secrets and confidences each respected, but as far as their own thoughts were concerned, there was the most perfect confidence.

Jane looked up to her elder sister as one far better and wiser than herself, and in Cassandra's eyes no one was equal to Jane in beauty, in sweetness, or in genius. No truer, closer bond of love ever existed between any two spirits. Death had no power over it, and though they were separated by nearly thirty years, those who heard Cassandra Austen speak of her sister knew that she loved her to the last with undiminished tenderness.

There were changes and incidents enough in Jane Austen's life to have made an interesting biography, if her letters had been spared us, to fill up the bare outline. She moved about the world as much or more than most clergymen's daughters of her time, for those were days when the necessity of an annual change had not arisen, and people lived, with no other variety than a certain amount of visiting, year after year in their own houses. The Austens seem to have been more locomotive than most of their neighbors.

In 1798 or 1799 they made their tour in South Devon; in 1802 they went to Teignmouth, where they resided some weeks in a house called Belle Vista, which is still standing. Two years afterwards they were at Lyme Regis, which Jane Austen has immortalized.

In 1806 she went with her mother to stay at Stoneleigh Abbey, which on the death of Mrs. Mary Leigh, under the will of her brother Edward, the last baron of the old creation, reverted to the elder branch of the family. Here she met her cousin, the Lady Saye and Sele of whom Miss Burney has given us so amusing a picture, and who afforded Jane many a hearty laugh. What ecstasies her ladyship would have gone into, if she could only have foreseen the future fame of her relative!

These, with visits to her brothers in Kent and London, and to her other friends, formed the varieties and pleasures of her life. Not its happiness; *that* she found in her home and in her own warm family affections. From these also arose all her cares and most of her sorrows. In 1798 she lost her cousin, Lady Williams, who had been almost brought up with her and Cassandra, and who was



married from Steventon some six years before. She was thrown from her carriage, and killed on the spot. In 1801 her father and mother left Steventon and settled in Bath, to her great grief. No young person can leave what has been the happy home of her childhood unconcerned, and to her Steventon was much more. It was not only the fun and frolic of early life, its pretty dreams and fancies, which endeared to her the house and the garden, the lanes, meadows, and coppices, where she and her sister had lived and wandered together, they were all consecrated by the deep sorrow which had so recently befallen both. The move was made on account of Mrs. Austen's health, which had for some time been very indifferent and to which it was hoped Bath would be beneficial; but there, she had a long and very severe illness, from which, she said, she owed her recovery to the prayers of her husband and the great care of her daughters. Here the father died in 1805, and the three ladies were obliged to give up the house and move into lodgings. Jane disliked Bath and thought it disagreed with her, and she must therefore have rejoiced when they were able to remove to Southampton, where they shared a house with one of her brothers. In 1809 they settled in the cottage at Chawton, which was the last home of all three; and the year after, what may be called her all too short literary life began. Perhaps it would have been longer, and she might have been spared to have given us more, but for the anxiety and fatigue she underwent in 1815 in nursing a brother through an illness, which brought him down to the very edge of the grave. She was staying with him alone when it came on, and upon her fell the greatest part of the strain. In a letter written soon afterwards, we find the first indication of failing health. It was followed by the bankruptcy of the firm of which this brother was head, the dread of which had caused his breakdown. No blame attached to him, the misfortune was produced in part by the failure of some other bank. Most of his brothers lost more or less, but they all behaved most kindly and nobly. Nevertheless it was a great blow, and Jane's health gave way beneath it. "I am the only one," she wrote, "so foolish as to have been made ill by it, but feeble nerves make a feeble body." She rallied, but she never recovered, and died, to the inexpressible sorrow of all who loved her, in 1817.

"I am certainly in great affliction," her mother wrote in the simple, unexaggerated language of deep feelings. "I trust God will support me. I was not prepared for the blow, for though it in a manner hung over us, I had reason to think it at a distance, and was not quite without hope that she might in part recover. I had a letter from Cassandra this morning; she bears her sorrow as a Christian should."

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From The Spectator.

## DISLIKE.

CONSIDERING how large a part the impulses which divide human beings take in this imperfect world, it is somewhat surprising to reflect how small a space has been accorded to them, in those pages from which many persons derive their chief knowledge of character. Fiction, painting so largely the sympathies by which human beings are bound together, has taken but little account of those antipathies, equally real, which not only divide them, but also, it must be confessed, do to some extent tend by external pressure to unite more closely for a time those who are united already. However, we somewhat exaggerate the feeling we mean in calling it *antipathy*, and it is by no means easy to name it without exaggeration. Almost all synonyms for it are stamped with blame, so that it seems impossible to mention an incapacity for satisfactory intercourse with another person as a mere fact about one's relation to him, and not as some contribution to an estimate of his own character. The word which has least of such a suggestion is "distaste," and it is a significant fact that the sense from which we borrow the expression is the most idiosyncratic of all means of communication with the outer world. Speaking broadly, we may say that a disagreeable sound or color is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbors' tastes, before we know what flavors they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavor. The contrast between the peculiar separateness of taste, and the common element in the other senses, so that many may gaze at once on the same picture, and crowds may listen to the same low note, while no two persons

can taste the same morsel, has thus become a symbol of that individuality, that subjectivity in the region of personal feeling, which allows us to describe attraction or repulsion without implying judgment.

Miss Cobbe, in the useful expression introduced into one of her essays, "Heteropathy" — the opposite, that is, not the contrary, of sympathy — has bestowed on us the means of bringing forward and realizing this moral neutrality of distaste. We are not necessarily influenced *against* the person who is distasteful to us, we are conscious merely of a heterogeneity of affection, a different response to the same excitement, which makes us mutually unintelligible. Where distaste becomes disapproval, indeed, it is a mixed feeling, and the only important instance which we can call to mind of an attempt to paint this "heteropathy," which in the world of experience is so common, Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," seems to us somewhat impaired by the amount of justification with which the impartial poet has provided the man of the world who finds himself out of sympathy with the man of genius. Tasso, we presume, is meant to be an exhibition of the weakness of the poetic temperament *abandoned to itself*, and there is no character the unreasonableness of which more jars on the taste of a sensible man, practised in affairs, and ready to adapt himself to almost any other character. And there is no feeling more jarring to an imaginative man, when he perceives it, than the tolerance which Antonio expresses when he tries to be just. "Yet often with respect he speaks of thee," says Leonora Sanvitale, when she is trying to soothe Tasso's irritation; and most of us can sympathize with his answer, —

'Tis even that disturbs me, for his art  
Is so to measure out his careful words  
That seeming praise from him is actual blame.

The words convey an admirable suggestion of the withering effect of distaste drying up all that aims at being appreciative, and leaving nothing so distinct as the effort it costs the speaker to find any excellence in the object of his praise. The relation, perhaps, was the model of Miss Yonge, in her pretty creation, "The Heir of Redclyffe;" but she seems to us to have inverted the mistake of Goethe (if we may be so profane as to find mistake in Goethe), and to have spoilt the situation by painting the person who inspires dislike as too faultless. Dislike,

under such circumstances, becomes envy, — a feeling quite different from heteropathy. There is, in an unfinished romance by Hawthorne (not the one just published), a delicate little touch, exactly realizing this feeling, in the description of the two persons intended in the first sketch of the story for lovers, bringing out, with all the author's subtle power, that sense of sudden recoil which sometimes strangely interrupts even a mutual affection not founded on a true harmony of character, and which is felt most distinctly just after the moments of closest union, just as the most intolerable discord is nearest to unison. The relation was found unmanageable, and drops out of the story, much to the disappointment of at least one reader, to whom it appeared a promise of a most characteristic display of Hawthorne's peculiar genius. But it is almost unfair to bring the half-obliterated sketch for an unfinished romance into the same page with one of the best-known works of Goethe, even under the exigencies of a search for specimens of the rarest kind of dramatic delineation.

The relation which Hawthorne found too delicate to paint may well, indeed, have been avoided by the artist. Perhaps it is not one very well suited to dramatic elaboration, — at least, the feelings with which it is often associated are much more dramatic than itself, and tend to throw it into the shade. Envy, jealousy, and resentment are broad, simple emotions, easily described: distaste, no doubt, opens the way for them, but is perfectly distinct from them, and does not, in a liberal and cultivated mind, imply even any sense of condemnation. "'Tis I am barbarous here, my tongue unknown," was the complaint of a polished Roman, made to realize the true meaning of the word "barbarian;" and perhaps Ovid may have learnt in his exile to appreciate the arrogant spirit with which the Roman applied it to all the world but his countrymen. Any one can feel, when he is himself the barbarian, that unintelligibility supplies no material for judgment; but it takes qualities of a high order to perceive this, when the case is reversed. Yet it is a familiar experience that distaste may appear unreasonable, even to him who feels it. The very associations which cluster round the epithet "well-meaning," testify to the familiarity of the struggle between distaste and an acknowledgment of qualities that should ensure respect; and probably many selfish and indolent

persons arouse far less sense of heteropathy than a large proportion of the enthusiastic and the benevolent. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded earnestly, "And the good, too, I hope!" For our own part, we have sometimes thought that if the good would cease from troubling, we would gladly take our chance of the wicked. Even the hero may inspire the feeling, as well as the saint. The faults of a large, impressive character are often peculiarly galling to those who stand very close to it; and when the biographer has said all he has to say, we sometimes discover, if we learn more about his subject, that the relation assumed as one of grateful subordination was, in reality, that of a continuous protest. We are very apt to be unjust to those who find a large character distasteful, in assuming their blindness to its nobility. If we suppose that distaste never enters a relation till love quits it, we shall fail to appreciate many of the most faithful and dutiful relations by which human beings are bound together. Distaste is no mere growth of the acquaintance world, where we have nothing to do but to yield to it; it shows itself in many a faithful friendship, it springs up on the fertile soil of family affection, it is by no means a stranger even to the sacred enclosure of marriage. No other atmosphere, indeed, is so propitious to it as that cooling affection which often both joins and separates many a pair who never cease to love each other. Gratitude for life-long services does not exclude it, nor do the services which have earned that gratitude; it may mingle with self-sacrificing devotion, even with strong admiration. There is almost no feeling by which man is bound to man which it may not dilute; and he who should refuse to continue any friendship or affection which involved a struggle with it would find himself, at some time or other, almost alone.

No one will deny that the experience of feeling or inspiring distaste is common, but many will consider that we do not want it made more definite by description. To put it into words gives it a permanence which it might lack, if left in the vague region of feeling; and whoever gives as much expression to it as to the opposite feeling, not only exaggerates it in appearance, but greatly increases it in fact. Moreover, the expression certainly tends,

to some extent, to justify the feeling. The discovery that in proportion as any one gives utterance to those feelings and opinions which are most characteristic he hurts some sense of fitness in his company, strangely bars the entrance on common ground, even when this is close at hand. And then, too, dislike, with all that it implies, is not pathetic, or striking, or tragic, it is only disagreeable; and why, it may be asked, should art mirror the part of life that is only disagreeable? We should misrepresent some of those we loved best, if we were to recall even with the most careful accuracy how little they loved each other, and a late famous example surely forms the strongest argument for the rule that no biographer should attempt to leave a record of the distastes of his hero. It is indeed impossible to give the feeling the same proportion in the record that it had in life. The gamut of expression has not that compass which such an utterance demands. The faintest and gentlest hint at any lack of sympathy has a force and distinctness that eulogium is wholly without. It always suggests a good deal behind.

We heartily agree to the rule that any record of actual life should give as small a place as possible to distaste. But it is precisely the fact that biography cannot give distaste its due proportion, and should not therefore make any attempt at embodying it, while yet it is an important part of actual experience, which makes us desire to see it represented in the only kind of literature where all that is meant can be expressed. A good picture of a difficult situation gathers up a large part of whatever advice might be given for dealing with it, and it is often the only form in which such advice is possible. It makes an era in the hidden autobiography which we peruse in silent hours, when some voice from a larger nature has recalled and retouched — thereby wonderfully diminishing them — our own perplexities; and a large part of the charm of fiction consists in the fact that this is often the only possible channel of such a confidence. The rare glimpses which we attain of the attitude of a large, richly endowed nature, conscious of distaste returned where friendship was sought, is such a lesson of tolerance and magnanimity as no sermon could convey. Once or twice in a lifetime we may come upon a glimpse of such a state of mind, perhaps as we decipher the faded characters from a hand that has long been still, for often-

est all that makes the relation intelligible is only visible afar off. Or a few words at some crisis of life and death, reveal that what looked like blindness to dislike was a self-suppressing oblivion of it. But for the most part, the more completely vanity or sensitiveness is conquered in meeting such a feeling, the more the victory is hidden, and we rarely learn from any experience of actual life what would afford the greatest help in some of its difficulties, — how a noble mind meets distaste.

The best substitute for such aid, though it be a poor one, is to remind ourselves that the region of distaste is, after all, confined to a narrow part of our whole being. The world of our animal nature is one of resemblance; and so is that of our spiritual nature, if we can but reach it. We are similarly affected, on the whole, by all things outward. We all dread pain, hunger, weariness, while food, rest, warmth, and the like, in different proportions, are desirable to all. And there is a region of the inward life which is as characteristic of humanity as is the outward life, though it is far less accessible, and much more liable to be confused with heterogeneous elements. But between the region of the *physical* life and that of the *spiritual* life lies that borderland of idiosyncrasy — that which we specially mean when we speak of a person's nature — which is the region of heteropathy. On this domain we are often as hopelessly at a loss for any practical expression of good-will as we should be, if suddenly transported to a planet where fatigue was cured by active exercise, and hunger by fasting, so that to offer a tired person an easy-chair, or provide food for one who declared himself faint with hunger should be a malignant action. If a humorous view of the situation is to you a potent auxiliary in enduring its difficulties, while to me it adds insult to injury, your benevolent attempt to lighten some common vexation by putting it in a ludicrous point of view will only make me feel it more bitterly. If, in a common loss, you are striving to forget our friend, and I to remember him, the very fact that we both loved him will make us bad company to each other. How many such miscalculations we see, feel, or make, in our endeavors to console each other! "Time softens every grief," we say, to one who feels it the supreme agony that the beloved image must fade. Or we try to soothe some proud heart,

racked with the thought of compassion, by the assurance that others feel for its pangs! Under such "heteropathy," all affection, all active good-will, becomes an engine of torment. The victim flies to indifference, as a welcome exchange for such benevolence, and feels the atmosphere of slight acquaintance a delightful variety, after that intimacy which has given his friend a right to inflict an amount of suffering that would have satisfied the heart of an enemy. The golden rule, in such circumstances, becomes useless. To do unto others as we would they should do unto us, is to sharpen their discomfort in our neighborhood, unless, indeed, all we desire from them is their absence; and distaste, when it is sufficiently important to attract attention, is rarely capable of so simple a solution. For it is sometimes woven in with the web of life's duties, and even of its cherished possessions. Surely, in such circumstances, it should be a great help towards justice, both to those we dislike, and towards those who dislike us, to realize that this kind of antagonism is confined to a certain limited portion of our being; and that if we could carry on our intercourse within either that simpler world of the senses where men want all the same thing, or that deeper world of moral conviction where they all reverence the same thing, we should find distaste suddenly vanish; and though, practically, this is impossible, the fact that it is not inconceivable is by no means an unimportant one.

This sense of some possible fugitiveness or error in the feeling of distaste should be materially reinforced by the discovery that it is by no means invariably mutual, and by what is another side of the same truth, that it sometimes lies very near to perfect sympathy. It may be excited by those who, just because they are unlike us, are best able to help us. Leonora says of Tasso and Antonio, —

Two foes are there who should be closest friends,  
For nature formed in each but half a man,  
And in their union were the perfect whole.

And though in such cases the need be mutual, the perception of that need is often not so. We often understand the language that we cannot speak, and so mysterious is the chemistry of human relation, that the same difference which on one side tells as a repulsive strangeness, is on the other welcomed as a delightful

variety. It is but the change of a couple of letters which converts the *hostis* to the *hospes*, and it is a change almost as trifling — a mere shifting of spiritual attitude — which shows us the spiritual foreigner as friend or foe. We sometimes see this change curiously brought out in the feelings of the same person towards different members of the same family. You meet the son of your old friend, you recognize in almost every word some trace of the companion whose presence made life delightful to you. Perhaps in your sober judgment you would acknowledge that the son is, on the whole, worthy of his father. But you discover that some slight change of proportion, or some almost imperceptible introduction of a new element, is enough to destroy all spiritual affinity. There is nothing more disagreeable than to dislike one who reminds us of those we have loved; but the experience is full of instruction. Or again, we may realize the marvellous effect of this change of proportion in the nearness of heteropathy itself to sympathy. The first experience of an entire mutual understanding is the best thing in life, and many a one has felt that it was also the first experience of self-knowledge. For we completely understand ourselves only when we find an interpreter in another soul; and there can be no revelation of the self, except by one who resembles the being he reveals. It is as true of the things of earth as of heaven, that we must be like any one, if "we shall see him as he is." But how slight a change here brings us from the closest union to something that almost resembles hatred! The society of one who mirrored all the weaknesses and difficulties of our own character, would be quite as intolerable as the society of one who understood neither our weakness nor our strength. "There are but three fingers' space," says the Talmud, "between Heaven and Hell." It is a profound sentence, and its truth is nowhere more evident than in the varied and mysterious world of human relation.

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From The British Medical Journal.  
 MEDICINE AS PRACTISED BY ANIMALS.

M. G. DELAUNAY, in a recent communication to the Biological Society, observed that medicine, as practised by animals, is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practised

by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. M. Delaunay maintains that the human race also shows this instinct, and blames medical men for not paying sufficient respect to the likes and dislikes of the patients, which he believes to be a guide that may be depended on. Women are more often hungry than men, and they do not like the same kinds of food; nevertheless, in asylums for aged poor, men and women are put on precisely the same regimen. Infants scarcely weaned are given a diet suitable to adults, meat and wine which they dislike and which disagree with them. M. Delaunay investigated this question in the different asylums of Paris, and ascertained that children do not like meat before they are about five years of age. People who like salt, vinegar, etc., ought to be allowed to satisfy their tastes. Lorrain always taught that with regard to food, people's likings are the best guide. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. M. Delaunay lays down as a general rule, that there is not any species of animal which voluntarily runs the risk of inhaling emanations arising from their own excrement. Some animals defæcate far from their habitations; others bury their excrement; others carry to a distance the excrement of their young. In this respect they show more foresight than man, who retains for years excrement in stationary cesspools, thus originating epidemics. If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but these maternal instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass (*chiendent*), which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal



suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it: the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually he kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper sur-

face of the paw, to which he applied the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practised by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could go even further, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instinct, which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.

**THE LIFE OF ICEBERGS.**—The extraordinary number of icebergs which have been met with in the Atlantic, whereby several ships have been placed in imminent danger of complete destruction, has again drawn attention to this serious peril of Atlantic navigation. To the ordinary danger of collision with an iceberg at night, to which may be attributed the loss of several Atlantic steamers which have left port in a perfectly well-equipped state never to be heard of again, there is added the danger—a comparatively rare one until the present season—of ships being caught in a large ice-floe and crushed to pieces as if they were engaged in Arctic exploration. Such a catastrophe in mid-Atlantic would afford little hope of the rescue of a single soul on board the ill-fated ship. The report of the steamer "Mark Lane," which arrived lately at Halifax, N. S., from Dundee, gives a vivid idea of the dangers which a vessel so-entrapped must run. For three weeks the vessel was encompassed by the ice, and so closely did the huge icebergs at times come that it was feared the ship and crew would be crushed between them. The coal being exhausted, the whole of the wood available was obtained and burnt, and at last the shipping boards and even the topsail were broken up for this purpose. Other vessels have reported meeting with vast ice-floes extending over an area of many hundred square

miles, besides innumerable isolated icebergs, whose slow progress southward is a serious obstacle to the safe progress of shipping. An important question to determine is the extreme point to the south to which it is possible for an iceberg to be carried—in other words, what is the probable "life" of an iceberg as soon as it passes the shores of Newfoundland on its southerly progress towards gradual destruction. An American contemporary suggests that two or three men-of-war might be usefully engaged in this work, carefully observing the course of an iceberg from a point in the far north to the moment of its total disappearance beneath the rays of a tropical sun, and taking daily notes of its gradual reduction in size. It ought not, also, to be difficult to organize a system by which icebergs could be supplied with two or three lamps, constructed to burn for the necessary length of time, so that they might be easily observed at night; and, finally, we would repeat the suggestion made in these columns a year or two ago, that if men-of-war are employed on "iceberg police duty," they might gain practical experience in the use of torpedoes by destroying the larger specimens by means of those deadly submarine engines, for practical experiments with which they have so few opportunities.

Colonies and India.